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THE ARTISTS.

Blue as a mile of pansies are the seas
that circle the shores,
Circle the shores of Fairyland and
the high, enchanted ways
Where the great grim sea-green drag-
ons guard the jade and the amber
doors,

And the Queen of the Fairies' pea-
cocks walk under the crimson
mays;

Oh, what, I wonder,
Could look more gay
Than a peacock under
A crimson may?

For that is the home of color and many
a wizard hue,

'Tis there they deck the rainbow ere
he's pinned against the rain,
And squeeze the tubes for the pictures
of "things too good to be true,"

And make the gilt for the turrets of
castles we build in Spain;

And what's more gilded,
This world amid,
Than castles builded
Near old Madrid?

For we, we're all of us artists with
plans and canvases

Of excellent Spanish castles with tur-
rets all about,

With angels in the corners, romaunts,
and symphonies

Of things as we would have them did
every dream work out;

And such were duller,
You'll understand,

If robbed of color
From Fairyland!

So we must stroke the dragons and
tickle their shiny scales,

And they shall grin politely and we
shall pass along,

Where under the crimson may-trees
the peacocks spread their tails,

To dip our brushes in magic and
echoes of fairy song;

And find us Fancy
Our daubs to deck,

With tints of pansy
And peacock's neck!

Punch.

THE MAKING OF BIRDS.

God made Him birds in a pleasant hu-
mor;

Tired of planets and suns was He.
He said: I will add a glory to summer,
Gifts for my creature banished from
Me!

He had a thought and it set Him smil-
ing

Of the shape of a bird and its glanc-
ing head,
Its dainty air and its grace beguiling:
"I will make feathers," the Lord God
said.

He made the robin; He made the
swallow;

His deft hands moulding the shape
to His mood,

The thrush and lark and the finch to
follow,

And laughed to see that His work
was good.

He who has given men gift of laugh-
ter—

Made in His image; He fashioned fit
The blink of the owl and the stork
thereafter,

The little wren and the long-tailed
tit.

He spent in the making His wit and
fancies;

The wing-feathers He fashioned them
strong;

Deft and dear as daisies and pansies,
He crowned His work with the gift
of song.

Dearlings, He said, make songs for My
praises!

He tossed them loose to the sun and
wind,

Airily sweet as pansies and daisies;

He taught them to build a nest to
their mind.

The dear Lord God of His glories
weary—

Christ our Lord had the heart of a
boy—

Made Him birds in a moment merry,

Bade them soar and sing for His joy.

Katharine Tynan.

THE MEDITERRANEAN PERIL AND HOW TO MEET IT.

The British nation is now dimly aware that it is confronted with a naval crisis of the gravest character in the Mediterranean. The facts have not been disclosed to it by the politicians, nor will they ever be. Yet the running to and fro of Cabinet Ministers and naval and military personages and the sudden and mysterious conference at Malta have been signs whose meaning could not altogether escape even the dullest intelligence. The plain truth is that the British Admiralty, face to face with the enormous increase in the striking force of the German High-Sea fleet, effected by the new German Act, has seen no other means of meeting the danger in the North Sea than by abandoning the Mediterranean. It has carried out this policy without consulting the military experts; and the first result has been a well-founded cry of alarm from the Mediterranean fortresses and Egypt.

Our dispositions in the Mediterranean in the past invariably aimed at securing the command of that sea. From 1798 onwards we always maintained in it a force superior to any possible antagonist. In the great French war only once, and for a brief period, did we withdraw from it, in 1796-1797, and the withdrawal brought disaster. Nelson protested vehemently against it. "We are all preparing to leave the Mediterranean," he wrote in October 1796, "a measure which I cannot approve. . . . I lament our present orders in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonorable to the dignity of England." It was, comments Mr. Fortescue in his brilliant *History of the British Army*, "a confession of military impotence and almost of despair." From 1798 onwards the British Admiralty never wavered. All through the nineteenth century it maintained in the Mediterranean a powerful fleet and British su-

premacy in that sea was beyond challenge. During the South African crisis, when, as is now well known, proposals were made by Germany to France and Russia for a coalition against us, there was, it is true, a moment of considerable danger. But measures were taken to meet any risk of a sudden attack; the Mediterranean fleet was reinforced; and in 1903 it reached its highest point of strength in modern times with fourteen battleships, all comparatively new, all maintained in permanent commission, and all based upon Malta. The strength of the French fleet at that date was only six battleships, with five of old type in reserve; the Russian fleet in the Black Sea consisted of five battleships in very indifferent order and of low efficiency.

From 1904 onwards the British fleet in the Mediterranean was steadily reduced. In 1905, under one of the schemes for redistributing the fleet which the Admiralty produced almost annually, it was cut down to eight battleships of older type, and its fighting efficiency relatively to its force in 1903 about halved. In 1906, however, the British Government received a disagreeable intimation of the suddenness with which trouble may arise in the Mediterranean. The Turks unexpectedly occupied Taba on the Egyptian frontier, as has always been believed, at German instigation. Only five of the eight battleships happened to be available at the moment. A naval demonstration was ordered; there was grave risk of war in view of the extreme weakness of the British force, and it was only with extreme reluctance that the Sultan gave way. Without learning wisdom, at the close of 1906 the British Government further reduced the Mediterranean fleet to six battleships, at which figure it remained till the present year, when Mr. Chur-

chill lowered it to four. By way of "eye-wash," to conceal the effect of its reductions from the British public, the Admiralty established what it called a "pivot or reinforcing fleet," oscillating between Berehaven and Gibraltar, six battleships strong. The "pivot" fleet is an imagination of politicians, and has no part in real war. From the politicians' standpoint it is a force which can be in two places at once. Did any critic protest that the British force in the North of Europe was too weak? He was instantly told that he had overlooked the "pivot" fleet. Did an Admiral complain that prodigious risks were being run in the Mediterranean? Pat came the official answer: the "pivot" fleet would be there to reinforce the six old battleships. From the standpoint of strategy a "pivot" fleet is a force which is likely to be in neither place when wanted, and which will probably play the part of D'Erlon's corps on the day of Quatre Bras. As we shall see the "pivot" fleet is a conception which recurs in our present naval dispositions.

As the British fleet in the Mediterranean was cut down, so also were the Mediterranean garrisons cut down. Lord Haldane assumed that the British Navy exercised an absolute command of the sea; and Lord Fisher assumed that the Army was able to hold the fortresses in any contingency. In addition to the recall of the battleships, some 5000 troops were withdrawn and disbanded by the British Government, while the mines were scrapped and the fortifications weakened in various ways which it is undesirable too carefully to explain. The need of a complete modernization of the defences at Gibraltar and Malta was urgent, but as the Liberals wanted to effect "economies," and as the Unionists could do nothing to stop them, that need was calmly disregarded. Meanwhile Germany passed one after an-

other a series of Acts expanding her navy, Acts which were uniformly derided by the British Government and the British Admiralty. In the south of Europe, the French Navy was neglected, while Germany's Mediterranean allies, Italy and Austria, began to build the most powerful types of sea-going battleship—and to build them fast. No attention was paid to this new phase of the contest for sea power by the British Government. It shut its eyes and deliberately went to sleep. Yet in 1908 its attitude with regard to the annexation of Bosnia by Austria brought intense friction with the Dual Monarchy, and the Young Turk movement revived the territorial ambitions of Turkey, which have always threatened the British position in Egypt.

Thus the present Government for a long term of years has striven to meet the development of the German Navy and the menacing concentration of the German ships in the North Sea not by augmenting British programmes, not by building additional ships and providing additional men to meet the German increase, but by depleting the Mediterranean of ships. The first course would have cost money; the second course menaced the national existence, but the menace was dim and distant, and could be disregarded by men who lived from hand to mouth and never looked forward. Yet the Government cannot pretend that it was not warned. It was warned again and again. Readers of the *National Review* will not require to be told that this Review has consistently and emphatically dwelt on the Mediterranean peril and the paramount necessity of facing it, not when it was too late to take measures, but while there was still ample time. The warnings became more insistent as the "Dreadnoughts" of the Mediterranean Powers progressed. Thus in January, 1910, this Review urged that, if Italy and

Austria supported Germany in war, "The position of this country will become one of unimaginable danger. No allowance whatever has been made for the naval strength which these two Powers will be able to throw into the scale." It was pointed out that in 1913 Italy and Austria might have four "Dreadnoughts" ready for sea. We now know that this figure was an underestimate. The probable total is six in October, 1913. "If," this Review added, "the Germans accelerate their programme, as they easily may without our knowledge, the British situation would become desperate." The position to-day justifies these words.

Again, in May, 1910, the *National Review* showed that the Powers of the Triple Alliance early in 1914 "will have between them at least thirty-three vessels (of 'Dreadnought' and 'Lord Nelson' type) complete for sea, to a British total which on our known capacity of construction cannot possibly exceed thirty-seven vessels and may considerably fall short of that figure." The revised forecast, assuming some German acceleration, gives the Triple Alliance thirty-two ships to our thirty-two, so that the peril was actually understated. The same article urged the necessity of universal service in this country as the concomitant of an alliance with France, and pointed out that such a change would transform the military position and the situation on the Continent, and would, possibly, secure the adhesion of Italy to the Triple Entente. On July 4, 1910, Admiral Mahan published in the *Daily Mail* a famous article warning the British nation in the strongest terms against the peril of neglecting the Mediterranean. He wrote:

The clear reluctance to acquiesce in present naval requirements is ominous of a day when the Mediterranean may pass out of the sphere of British influ-

ence centred round the British Islands exclusively. This will symbolize if it does not at once accompany the passing of the Empire; for a hostile force in the Mediterranean controls not only an interior line—as compared with the Cape Route—but an interior position from which it is operative against the Atlantic as well as in the East.

It is difficult to overstate the effect of this upon the solidity of the Empire, for the Mediterranean is one of the great central positions of the maritime world. A weakened Mediterranean force is the symptom that neither as principal nor as ally may Great Britain be able to play the part hitherto assumed by her.

But the Government stopped its ears and shut its eyes, though in that same month Mr. Asquith admitted that Austria and Italy had to be taken into account in framing the British naval dispositions. It fiddled while Rome was burning. It refused to listen to Lord Charles Beresford who, on July 14, 1910, repeated and drove home Admiral Mahan's warning, and for his pains was promptly attacked by certain of the naval experts who are now deploring the weakness of the British fleet and the abandonment of the Mediterranean.

In August, 1910, the *National Review* dwelt upon the shortage of officers and men in the Navy, which is one of the causes of our present retreat from the Mediterranean. In November it showed that the abandonment of the Two-Power Standard was responsible "for the position into which the British Navy is drifting," and emphasized the Mediterranean peril. In December, 1910, it showed that the Committee of Imperial Defence had given no sign of action, had allowed the Mediterranean fortresses to be partially disarmed, and had failed to take the Italian and Austrian "Dreadnoughts" into account in its calculations. In June, 1911, it showed that there was a British deficiency, as against the Triple Alliance, of six-

teen battleships, and quoted Torrington's famous words, slightly modified to meet modern conditions: "I own I am afraid now, while the danger can be remedied, but you will be afraid in 1914 when it will be too late." In July, 1911, it stated:

The nation is confronted by the certainty that in 1914 the powers of the Triple Alliance will possess a stronger fleet of Dreadnoughts ready for sea than the British Navy in European waters. The naval supremacy, which was our sword and shield in the past is as good as gone. Six short years of Radical rule have destroyed the fruit of generations of effort and self-sacrifice.

In August, 1911, during the Morocco crisis, it asked: "What will be the state of affairs when the fleets of the Triple Alliance gain an actual superiority over the British Navy in point of 'Dreadnoughts,' as they will two years hence?" In October, 1911, it said: "Two years hence our slight predominance in 'Dreadnoughts' in Europe will have passed away. Germany and her allies will have every chance on their side." It need hardly be added that Professor Wilkinson, in his study "Britain at Bay," pointed out the danger from the Austrian "Dreadnoughts." We may question whether any Government or any naval administration received such ample and persistent warning, or turned so blind an eye to evident facts.

In the present year all the difficulties of the British Admiralty came to a head. As has been foretold continuously by the *National Review*, Germany passed a fresh Navy Act, the fifth of the series, enormously increasing the number of her fully manned ships which are available for striking a sudden blow. The number of fully manned battleships in her High-Sea fleet is to be raised to twenty-nine at the earliest possible date, with eight armoured cruisers and a host of de-

stroyers and submarines always ready for action. Now, to be safe against the risk of surprise, which is peculiarly grave in the case of a nation such as ours, controlled by politicians ignorant of war, with a small and precarious margin of naval superiority, and without a nation in arms behind its fleet, the British Admiralty ought to maintain a force which will always, and *at the most unfavorable moment*, be superior to the German. It ought to keep that force concentrated in what the Germans call the *Aufmarsch*, the best disposition for parrying a tremendous blow. Mr. Churchill has said that we must "have a sufficient margin to be able to meet at our average moment the naval forces of an attacking Power at their selected moment." At any average moment from 15 to 20 per cent. of our battleships may be absent docking or undergoing refits—which are necessary if the ships are to be kept in thorough fighting order. We must then have fully manned in home waters in the immediate future no fewer than twenty-nine plus seven battleships, or thirty-six units in all. But the officers and men are wanting to man this enormous force, unless the work of training men in the schools is to cease.

To meet this situation Mr. Churchill effected a redistribution of the fleet. At his advent to office the fully manned force of battleships in home waters numbered twenty-two ships. He raised it, on paper, to twenty-five, but the June Navy List shows that the actual strength was only twenty-one, or no fewer than fifteen units below the strength that will ultimately be needed. So that the immediate result was a reduction of one battleship in home waters.¹ At the same time he announced that the battleships of the Mediterranean fleet would be moved

¹ One additional battleship was commissioned in mid June, raising the strength to twenty-two.

from Malta to Gibraltar, and would be counted as part of the Home Fleet, of which they were to form the fourth squadron. This fourth squadron was to perform the part of the "pivot," to be "able to give either immediate assistance in home waters or to operate in the Mediterranean should naval combinations in that sea render its presence necessary or useful." It was, that is to say, to be capable of being in two places at once, for nothing can be more certain than that, if trouble comes in the North Sea, we shall also have danger in the Mediterranean, and at the same moment. The process of denuding the Mediterranean was continued, and two of the six battleships of that fleet were brought home and paid off, reducing the British battleship force in that sea to four.

The weak battleship squadron has now actually retired from Malta to Gibraltar. The British naval force left in the Mediterranean consists of four old armoured cruisers, stationed at Malta, three weak and obsolete protected cruisers, ten destroyers, five of which are from fifteen to sixteen years old and fit only to be scrapped, and three of the B submarines. This, too, though the strategic position in the Mediterranean is growing yearly more unfavorable to the British Empire. The force placed at Malta is in almost the same perilous situation as the weak detachment stationed by the Russians at the opening of the war in the Far East at Chemulpo, or the British brigade under General Penn Symons hazarded at Dundee on the outbreak of the Boer War. Even if we include the four weak and antiquated battleships at Gibraltar, the broadside of the British armoured ships in the south of Europe is only 20,460 lb. That of the Italian ships now complete and in commission is 43,100 lb.; that of the Austrian ships is about 30,000 lb. That is to say, either one of the fleets of Germany's

allies in the south of Europe has an absolutely crushing superiority in fighting force to the British squadrons. The British force at Malta, should the Powers of the Triple Alliance in the south of Europe threaten war, must either cut and run, when it is doubtful whether it will succeed in reaching Gibraltar without catastrophe; or it must stay in Malta and run the risk of disaster there, in a fortress which is so weakly armed and garrisoned that it might be compelled to capitulate by a vigorous naval and military attack.

No doubt the principle of concentration will be involved to justify these dispositions; and it is therefore important to consider what this principle really means, and how it has been applied by the greatest masters of the art of war. From the British standpoint, the North Sea is the primary field in any naval war; the Mediterranean is a secondary field. To be superior in the primary field is absolutely vital. But this does not mean that the secondary field can be neglected. The principle which governed Napoleon in the distribution of force between the primary and secondary fields of operations has been admirably laid down by Captain Collin, in his masterly study, *Les Transformations de la Guerre*:

There is a certain minimum of force which must be allotted to the theatre of secondary operations and to accessory objects; the correct appreciation of this force, the right distribution of strength between the principal mission and the others demands calculation, tact—art in a word, rather than brutal parsimony. To devote too great a degree of strength to accessory objects is to weaken the force which will deliver the decisive battles; to devote too small a strength to them is to bring upon this force the risk of being attacked in the rear or deprived of essential resources.

Napoleon described himself as "the most daring soldier that ever was."

But he never neglected the secondary theatres. In 1805 and again in 1809, when engaged with Austria in central Europe, he left in the north of Italy a force sufficient to "contain" the Austrian armies that were operating on the Po or Tagliamento—a force strong enough to avert any catastrophe in that quarter. The British Admiralty has thus neglected the teaching of history and the principles of war in denuding the Mediterranean.

This step has been taken at a time when a war is actually in progress in that sea between Italy and Turkey. Italy is now in possession of Rhodes and the main bases in the *Ægean*. She is establishing a naval base at Tobruk on the confines of Tripoli, and henceforward a strong military Power will be planted to the west of Egypt. Though the Italian Government is on excellent terms with the British Government, the fact remains that Italy is the ally of Germany. On the eastern frontier of Egypt, is another military Power of growing strength, Turkey, and the progress of her Hedjaz railway is a distinct menace to the British position in that country. Moreover, from the days of Bismarck, Germany has always aimed at using Turkey against the British Empire in Egypt, and the Taba demonstration, to which reference has already been made, was the first indication of the peril to us of such a policy. It would not be easy to combine Italy and Turkey in a common movement against ourselves, but Napoleon achieved feats as difficult. A Power which is weak and which has widely scattered maritime possessions always invites attack, for such possessions whet the appetite of ambitious nations and provide all the members of a vast coalition with loot. The only guarantee of those possessions is control of the sea, and control of the sea can only be exercised by a naval force superior to any-

thing that may assail it. That the British Admiralty has not given us, and the present position in the Mediterranean is a melancholy comment on Mr. Churchill's assurance of March 18, 1912: "The Admiralty are prepared to guarantee absolutely the main security of the country and of the Empire day by day for the next few years." It cannot guarantee the security of the Mediterranean without which, as Admiral Mahan has shown, the British Empire falls to pieces, the interior line to India is lost, Malta and Egypt are exposed, and attacks on the British trade-routes in the Atlantic facilitated.

Unless Malta and Egypt with their garrisons are to be cut off and overwhelmed, with the withdrawal of our fleet we must either (1) withdraw altogether our Mediterranean garrisons, or (2) double them and construct modern defences armed with the heaviest modern guns. What effect the loss of these two positions in war would exert upon the situation in India may be left to the imagination. Kaye and Malletson have shown that British military weakness in the Crimea was one of the causes of the Indian Mutiny. And the loss of our Mediterranean possessions would not merely stimulate revolt but would also prevent us from promptly dealing with it; it might even bring the cruisers of the Triple Alliance into the Indian Ocean by the Suez Canal and interfere with any attempt to move reinforcements from Australia and Canada. It would, in fact, bring down the Empire with a crash.

The peril is then immense. To conceal it, the Malta Conference, or the members of the Government who took part in it, are believed to have devised one of these half-measures which appeal to politicians. No alliance is to be concluded with France, but she is to be invited to make an agreement, under which she will do for us what we are not prepared to do for ourselves,

and meet the Mediterranean fleets of the Triple Alliance. To aid her in this task, the British fleet at Gibraltar is, we are told vaguely, to be strengthened. It is therefore of paramount importance to consider two points: (1) What naval assistance France can give, and (2) what reinforcements, without special measures, which, if taken at all, must be taken immediately, we can afford to despatch to the south of Europe.

In war the French Navy will have to face serious liabilities in the protection of French interests, which must come first. It will have to cover the communications between France, Corsica, and the French dominions in northern Africa, including Tunis, which may be exposed to Italian attack. It may have to guard the transfer of the nineteenth French army corps from Algeria to Marseilles, in order to give France the maximum of force to meet the vast armies which Germany will deploy in Lorraine. Its chiefs would have their hands full, even if the French navy were overwhelmingly strong. But unfortunately that navy is still suffering from the disastrous results of M. Pelletan's administration ten years ago. He has gone, but his evil works live after him. Not all M. Delcassé's efforts have been able to make good the accumulated defects. An abundant supply of trustworthy powder is lacking. The investigation which followed the fearful disaster in the *Liberté* proved that none of the powder in existence in 1911 could be regarded as safe; and the manufacture of the French explosive is a slow and difficult operation. For the time being, then, the French fleet is greatly handicapped. In the immediate future, it will compare as follows with the Italian and Austrian Navies in "Dreadnoughts":

		France	Italy	Austria
Complete	in December 1912	0	1	1
"	" April 1913	0	2	1
"	" October 1913 ..	2	4	2
"	" April 1914	2	6	3
"	" April 1915	4	8?	4

At no point, then, in the next three years will France be in a position to meet, without very substantial aid from England or Russia, the navies of the Triple Alliance in the south. In pre-"Dreadnoughts" France has a force of eleven effective ships launched not more than twelve years. Italy possesses six such ships and Austria nine; but, making allowance for the inferior quality of the older Austrian and Italian ships, France is superior to Italy and Austria combined in the older types of ships. Still there is nothing whatever to encourage hope in French victory at sea against these two Mediterranean Powers in the near future, even if we throw in the four old British battleships at Gibraltar. The French programme, moreover, cannot be accelerated, and for two reasons; the French ships are now fully occupied, and the French armor-plate making resources are fully tasked; while in view of the danger on land which France has to face in Lorraine, any diversion of her resources from her army to her fleet is unwise, so long at least as the British people refuse to adopt compulsory service. Money is needed for the French Army, and in the interests of the Triple Entente it can be best spent in that direction. Russia will have no "Dreadnoughts" complete in either the south or north of Europe before 1915, if then.

So, then, the solution of the problem depends on the force which England can detach to the south of Europe without risking disaster in the north. That, again, depends on what Germany does and the number of ships she completes. And that again, depends on whether Germany accelerates or does not; and that, again, depends on whether the German General Staff and the Kaiser and Admiral Tirpitz determine to strike quickly or to "wait and see" whether the fruit will not drop into their mouths without striking. Let us dismiss from our minds the idea that

any man or any policy can change German intentions. The fatal fact is that the British Empire stands in the way of German oversea expansion, and that the very geographical position of the British Islands is now construed as an offence to German national feeling. The iceberg and the *Titanic* are moving, as in Mr. Hardy's strange and passionate poem, on convergent courses; the forces that guide Germany are cold as ice, the momentum behind them, it seems to the writer, is as formidable as that of Nature herself; the *Titanic* has no captain on her bridge, and all warnings are ignored by those who are driving her. The "unsinkable ship" and the "invincible Navy"—what a strange parallel.

Because Germany has not accelerated in the past, therefore our Pacifists conclude that she will never accelerate. There could be no greater error. If her cold, calculating leaders see any chance of victory and mean to fight, they will accelerate. We must be prepared for it; if not, we are courting destruction. By pressing forward her "Dreadnoughts" of the 1911 programme, Germany can have twenty-one ships of this type complete by October 1913, and perhaps a little earlier. We may, then, have to meet twenty-one "Dreadnoughts" in the North Sea in October 1913, the date when in relation to France, the navies of the Triple Alliance in the Mediterranean will be at their maximum strength; and when the Russian military reorganization will not have been completed.

Falling special measures, our force at that date will be twenty-six "Dreadnoughts," excluding the Australian ship. To get twenty-six we have been compelled to break our agreement of 1909 with the Dominions, to keep at home one "Dreadnought" cruiser, which we pledged ourselves to despatch to the East, and to divert from the Pacific the New Zealand ship. We

have, that is to say, denuded the Pacific, for our old armored cruisers in Pacific waters are not to be taken seriously, and the single Australian "Dreadnought" will hardly weigh in the scale. Of our twenty-six "Dreadnoughts," eighteen will be battleships to the German sixteen, and eight will be battle-cruisers to the German five. Our margin in battleships will be two and in battle-cruisers three, making a total of five. This is not one single ship too many; it is many ships too few, if we are to be prepared to meet at our "average moment" an attack by the German Navy at its "selected moment." The pre-"Dreadnoughts" on either side will not count materially in 1913, so vast has been the progress in ordnance, armor, and design, and so great will be our difficulty in finding officers and men. We have nothing here to spare for detachments to the Mediterranean without courting and provoking disaster at home.

But special measures are still possible, if the Government will act and not walk blindfold to doom. The hours are precious, for the measures must be instantly taken if they are to be effective; postponed till next year they will come too late. The necessary steps are these:

(1) Acceleration of our 1911 programme of five "Dreadnoughts." By working overtime, and offering the contractors special premiums for quick delivery, it might be possible to add all these five ships, or certainly four of them, by October 1913. The step will cost money, and much money; but the funds are there in the six and a half millions of surplus. The five ships could be sent south, and would do something to redress the balance and give France the support which she will need.

(2) Commencement of the 1912 programme in July 1912, instead of January 1913, which would enable us to

detach an additional ship to the Mediterranean early in 1915.

(3) A supplementary programme of at least two "Dreadnoughts" to provide for the Mediterranean in the future. With the acceleration, that would impose on our yards as much work as they could carry out without delay.

(4) A supplementary programme of twenty destroyers for the Mediterranean, to replace the five ancient craft now marooned at Malta. We cannot replace them from our ordinary programme, for, as Mr. Churchill has himself admitted, our position in modern destroyers as against Germany alone is unsatisfactory. Germany, in actual fact, will have ready for sea almost as many modern destroyers as ourselves (German strength in 1913, probably 120, not more than twelve years launched; British strength outside Mediterranean in 1913, 143).

(5) Provision of light gun armaments for our larger mail steamers, to be always carried on board, and to be manned by naval reservists for whom a subvention would be paid. This is an essential step, as there is now no longer time to build cruisers for the defence of the trade-routes, which are exposed to a host of German commerce-destroyers.

(6) Addition of six thousand officers and men, the maximum that can be trained, to be followed by a similar addition next year. The conditions of payment and service in the new Immediate Reserve to be modified at once, as it is becoming evident that good men cannot be obtained on the terms proposed.

The National Review.

Were these steps taken this month, the cost would be no greater than that of a large addition to the garrisons in the Mediterranean and the reconstruction of the Mediterranean fortresses, and the peril of war in the immediate future would be decidedly diminished. No shift, no half-measure will give security. The British Empire is probably fast approaching the fatal moment when the efficiency of its national organization and of its national defences will be tested by the terrible shock of war. Our national credit, with Consols at 76, has been gravely shaken. Our naval predominance is in extreme danger. Our army has no relation to our Imperial necessities, and is weak in numbers and indifferently armed. Our national spirit is such that our statesmen's one preoccupation is with votes; their one object to divide and disintegrate the United Kingdom. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." Do not even they sometimes tremble at the thought of the crop which they are preparing?

One final word on the Committee of Defence. If the members of that body were worthy of their trust, all the non-politicians among them would ere now have resigned *en masse* as a protest against the errors of our defence policy. In the Morocco crisis of 1911 they never lifted a finger, so far as the writer can discover, to remedy the aberrations and neglect of the Admiralty. In the spring of the present year, they sat still while the fleet was being withdrawn from the Mediterranean, and left it to Lord Kitchener to play the manly part.

H. W. Wilson.

THE FOLK-SONG FALLACY.

We have heard a good deal during the last few years of the "national spirit" in music, and the necessity of founding a "national English school"

upon the native folk-song. Only in this way, we are told, can English music hope to rise as a whole to the level of that of France and Germany. The

people who talk in this way have apparently never stopped to examine very closely the meanings of the terms they are using. The vaguer and more general a word is, the more cautious we should be in our use of it, for it will prove impossible to apply it with the same validity in detail as in the mass.

When we find Mr. Cecil Sharp, for example, telling us that "when every English child is, as a matter of course, made acquainted with the folk-song of his own country, then, from whatever class the musician of the future may spring, he will speak in the national musical idiom" we are constrained to ask—What is the "national musical idiom"? It is a high-sounding term, and an easy one to make a certain kind of merely verbal resonance with; but can Mr. Sharp or any one else show us that it has any meaning whatever in terms of concrete fact? If "*the national musical idiom*" is so positive, unmistakable a thing that it will come like second nature to any one who has absorbed a sufficient number of folk-songs, ought we not to be able to isolate the essence of it and express it in some simple verbal formula? Yet who will undertake to do this in connection with the music of any country? Who could ever hope, for instance, to find one common formula for the idioms of Debussy, d'Indy, Berlioz, Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Bruneau, and Massenet? *Is* there, in fact, such a thing as a French "national musical idiom"? If so, will some ardent partisan of nationalism kindly tell us what it is?

The truth seems to be, as Mill and Huxley long ago pointed out, that of all ways of accounting for the differences between the arts and customs and constitutions of nations, that of attributing them all to "race" is the most superficial. The lax habit of mind that allows people to be satisfied with these pseudo-explanations almost invariably decoys them into a maze of self-contradiction.

Let us look at a few of Sir Hubert Parry's divagations in his excellent "*Art of Music*." He insists more than once upon what he regards as a fundamental distinction between "the Italian" and "the Teutonic" way of conceiving music. The former people aim at "external beauty," the latter at "internal beauty." "The bent of the Germans," he says, speaking of the eighteenth century, "was not so much towards beauty as towards expression and character. Their very type of beauty was different from that of the Italians. The Italians looked for beauty of externals, and the Germans for beauty of thought." This distinction, he holds, is racial in its origin, being visible again in the works of the painters of the two nations. But later on, when he is speaking of the new spirit that Schubert brought into the song, Sir Hubert Parry tells us that "*Mozart, and the Italians among whom he represents the highest type*, usually make long meandering passages of melody with no very definite articulation. The *true Teuton*, aiming at concentration of expression, compresses his thought into figures which are specially definite and telling." The typical Italian, then, is a German! Mozart, in fact, though a German, is not a "true Teuton" like Schubert. It certainly looks as if Schubert's Teutonism were safe enough; but on the very next page Sir Hubert Parry rules him too out of court. Schumann, he says, "was gifted with more of the familiar Teutonic disposition to reflect and look inwards than Schubert, whose gaiety of the Viennese type generally kept him in touch with the outward aspect of things." That is to say, the true Teuton is not a true Teuton in comparison with a truer Teuton! Nay, it even appears that people who are *not* Teutons at all can be truer Teutons than some whose Teutonism is unquestionable. Sir Hubert Parry, in working out a

comparison between Mozart and Haydn, says that the latter "is throughout as Teutonic in spirit and manner as it was possible to be in those times, and that most of his work has a high degree of personal characteristic vitality; while Mozart, with more delicate artistic perception, more sense of beauty, a much higher gift of technique and more general facility, is comparatively deficient in individuality, and hardly shows any trace of Teutonism in style from first to last."

From the remark as to Haydn being "as Teutonic as it was possible to be in those times" one would infer that even Teutons are not always as Teutonic on some days as they are on others—which is as if we should apologize for the water not being quite so wet on Friday as it was on Tuesday. But letting that pass, one has to point out gravely that, so far as we know, *Haydn was not a Teuton, but a Slav*. All the modern evidence points in that direction. Dr. Hadow, after reviewing this evidence in the article on Haydn in the new "Grove," says that "not only is the general impression of Haydn's music Slavonic rather than Teutonic in character, but many of his own mature compositions are saturated with Croatian folk-songs, to which his own most distinctive melodies bear, both in curve and rhythm, a very noticeable resemblance. . . . It is hardly too much to say that he stood to the folk-music of Croatia as Burns to the peasant-song of Scotland; and it may be remembered that, from his appointment at Eisenstadt in 1760 to his journey to England in 1791, he never (except for short visits to Vienna) travelled outside the limits of his native district." And it was this pure Slav who was "as Teutonic as it was possible to be in those times," while Mozart, an undeniable Teuton by birth and environment, represents "the highest type" of the Italian! Could any argumentation well be

wilder? What conclusion can we come to but that the whole theory of "racial characteristics" in music is flawed to the very centre?

Is it not the mere beginning of reason in the matter to give up the notion that all the inhabitants of a nation are tarred with the same brush, or even that the "characteristic" work of the nation is being done by people indubitably of one presupposed racial "type"? Would it not sober the "nationalists" to learn how many men who stand as the "typical" Frenchman or German were either not French or German at all, or only partially so? The greatest "Frenchman" of modern times—Napoleon—was a pure Italian, without a drop of French blood in his veins. The greatest "English" general—Wellington—was an Irishman, as Lord Roberts is. The greatest modern "English" novelist—George Meredith—was a Welshman. César Franck—a "French" composer—was a Belgian. Offenbach, who wrote the "typical" French comic operas, was a German Jew. Or look at some of the great names of "German" music. Beethoven was half Dutch; Liszt a pure Hungarian; Joachim a Hungarian Jew; Mahler a Bohemian Jew; Mendelssohn a German Jew; Nikisch is a Hungarian; Richter half Hungarian; Weingartner a Dalmatian. Yet all these people are supposed, in some mysterious way, to express a "national idiom" in their compositions or their performances!

How, indeed, can any one who reflects for a moment imagine that complex nations are to be summed up in this style under a single simple formula? What is "the" Englishman? What common denominator is there in the minds or the outlook of such people as Judge Jeffrey and Howard, Brown-ing and Blake, Pope and Mr. Chesterton, Spencer and Keble, Elgar and Bantock, Frith and Hornel? What is the peculiarly and solely "French" charac-

teristic that we find in Montaigne, Rabelais, Pascal, Bossuet, Voltaire, Pierre Louys, Debussy, Berlioz, Rameau, Hugo, Gautier, Verlaine, Sully-Prudhomme, and in no German or Italian? We talk of the "French" passion for clarity and concision in art, conveniently forgetting the furious spate of Rabelais's or Hugo's speech. Were these two, then, not "French"? We have Sir Hubert Parry censuring the French for the persistent "theatricalism" and excess that are inseparable from "the Gallic spirit." "Berlioz was so typical a Frenchman in this respect that he could hardly see even the events of his own life as they actually were, but generally in the light of a sort of fevered frenzy, which made everything . . . look several times larger than the reality." On Sir Hubert Parry's own showing, Berlioz's was an abnormal case; yet he is blandly written down as *the* "typical Frenchman," the fact being ignored that more normal Frenchmen laughed as heartily at his occasional absurdities as any one. If a bombastic imagination and verbal extravagance are "typically French," then Kyd and certain other Elizabethan dramatists must have been Frenchmen. Again one is constrained to ask, can any rational result come out of this welter of unreason?

But let us leave this part of the question for a moment, to return to it later, when we have seen the closer bearing of the claims of the folk-song partisans upon it. The fullest and ablest English statement of these claims is to be found in Mr. Cecil Sharp's book, *English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions*. The basis of his theorizing is that "folk-song has not been made by the one, but evolved by the many," and that "its *national character* and its fitness to serve a national purpose follow as a natural consequence." Folk-music, in fact, "is generically distinct from ordinary music; the former

is not the composition of the individual, and, as such, limited in outlook and appeal, but a communal and racial product, the expression, in musical idiom, of aims and ideals *that are primarily national in character*." Mr. Sharp is, of course, bound to admit that every song must originally have been the work of some one individual; but he contends that the folk-song becomes so changed in its passage from the mouth of one singer to that of another that it is finally a "communal" product. The tacit assumption is always that it is bettered in the process, whereas in point of fact it may be worsened. Imagine, for example, the art of writing music on paper being lost, and a melody of Bach or Brahms being transmitted orally for some generations, often through people of comparatively undeveloped musical intelligence. There can be hardly the least doubt that it would be a worse piece of art at the end of the process than at the beginning. Moreover, Mr. Sharp admits that "it is only very rarely that two singers [*i.e.*, folk-singers] will be found to sing the same song in precisely the same form." Which, then, is the "communal" form? Which represents "the national chaacter"? Mr. Sharp alleges that these variations are "the suggestions of individuals, akin to 'sports' in animal and flower life, which will only be perpetuated if they win the approval of the community. . . . Manifestly those alterations will alone survive which commend themselves to other singers and narrators and are imitated by them. Consequently the folk-tale or song, throughout its life-history, will always be approaching a form which will accurately express the taste and feeling of the community." It is implicit in Mr. Sharp's earlier remark that this is not the case. If only one "fittest" type survives, how can it be said that hardly two singers *at the present day* can be

found to sing the same song in the same form—for assuredly the process of variation and (presumed) selection has been going on for centuries? Is it not clear that there is at work *no* such selection of the best as takes place in physical nature? And why should we assume that the popular judgment upon the relative values of the variations was at any epoch the correct one? We should not trust the judgment of any rural Tom, Dick, or Harry in a matter of this kind now. Why should we so idealize the rustic nature of the past as to suppose that it had an impeccability of artistic palate that would not be asserted of the village hind of to-day? A good song is as likely as not—perhaps more likely than not—to have been worsened in its passage down the centuries; and if in this sense it represents “the national character,” then so much the worse for the national character.

Mr. Sharp attempts to figure the process out as being analogous to the successive improvements that Beethoven, for example, wrought in one of his own melodies. There is no analogy possible. Beethoven's alterations of his first sketch were efforts to realize clearly a personal vision that at first he only saw dimly. No such organic unity of conception can be predicated of a number of chance singers of the same tune. Further, Mr. Sharp admits that untutored folk-singers are always unconsciously altering even a fairly fixed melody through sheer mental instability, bad memory, or imperfect musical intelligence. It may be true to say that this is “the communal mind” shaping the tune to be a more perfect expression of itself, but it seems a little unfair to the community. The folk-singer, on Mr. Sharp's own showing, is frequently only a semi-musical or quite unmusical person. “It is a well-known fact,” he writes, “that the folk-singer attaches far more impor-

tance to the words of his song than to its tune; that while he is conscious of the words that he is singing, he is more or less unconscious of the melody. *I have come across many peasant singers who were unable to recognize a tune, or at any rate to distinguish one tune from another.*” In fact, if you sing a song to the peasant and ask him if that is how he sings it, he will say that it is; yet when he in turn sings it his version is notably different from yours without his being at all conscious that this is so. “In nine cases out of ten,” says Mr. Sharp, “his version will prove to be quite different from that which you just now sang to him, and which he had assured you was the same as his. . . . I have never met with a singer who could detect small melodic differences. So long as your tune is, in the main, similar to his, *the most musical of folk-singers will declare it to be identical, although the difference may be of considerable importance from a musician's point of view, e.g., a change of mode, or a variation in rhythm.*” And he gives us a charming picture of a number of men in a village inn singing in unison the chorus—or what they took to be the chorus—of “Brennan on the Moor.” “They all agreed with regard to the words of the refrain, but many of them sang different versions of the air, no one, as far as I could see, making any attempt to adapt his own particular version to that of his neighbor. I believe that they were one and all quite oblivious of the cacophony they were producing, which grew worse rather than better as the song proceeded.” And Mr. Sharp gives us the music of two versions of the same song—“Salisbury Plain”—which were taken down from the same singer's lips at different times. The two are so completely different, in melody and rhythm, that many people would have difficulty in believing that even the most ignorant singer could imagine

them to be the same. Mr. Sharp further notes that "singers will often sing the first verse of a song to the whole tune, and then for the remaining verses repeat over and over again the second half only of the melody. Whenever this has happened to me I have questioned the singer and tried to discover whether or no he was conscious of his maltreatment of the tune. I have always come to the conclusion that he was not." Mr. Sharp, gallantly determined to put the best face possible on the case, opines that all these variations have a peculiar artistic virtue, in that they "apparently spring spontaneously from out the heart of the singer." Most people would say that they sprang from sheer musical incompetence. We have only, as I have remarked, to imagine our system of notation to be lost, and all our present store of music to be transmitted orally—or to suppose a similar process to happen in connection with poetry—to see that the chances are immeasurably in favor of a good tune being spoiled rather than improved—unless you are going to suppose that the random shots of a lot of unmusical peasants are more likely to lead to perfection of feeling and of form than the similar shots of the same number of townspeople today. If this is the way the "community" has "made" the folk-song, the process has probably been one of successive sollings of whatever fairness the original image may have had. Mr. Sharp, indeed, partly gives away his own case when he tells us that it is only an exceptionally gifted folk-singer here and there that can vary a song *inventively* and improve it. "Singers like Mrs. Overd and Mr. Henry Larcombe belong to those who aid very materially the evolution of the folk-song. The variations of the ordinary singer are comparatively trivial. . . . But those given in the above examples [i.e., by Mrs. Overd and Mr. Lar-

combe] are more than mere changes of detail; they amount to the invention of new phrases. *Probably* every generation has produced a *small percentage* like Mr. Larcombe or Mrs. Overd, and to *their especial gifts* must be attributed many of those musical qualities which are the glory of the folk-song." But if this theory be true, what becomes of the theory that "the community" has made the song? If Brahms writes a melody, and Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Ysaye and a few more first-rate violinists vary it to suit themselves, who would say that "the community" had created or evolved the final form of the tune? The folk-song partisans would no doubt reply that "the communal sense" adopted it for its own, and so set its seal upon it, certificated it as the very outpouring of the soul of the race. But if that be so, then "the community" must equally be regarded as the part creator of a song by Schubert or Schumann, for it has decided that under no circumstances could it imagine this being improved upon.

There are other rocks in the course of the frail bark of the folk-theory argument. Why, to begin with, should we assume this fundamental rightness in the thinking of the untutored peasant of the past? Mr. Sharp's theory is that "folk" music is more "genuine" than "art" music. "The unconscious output of the human mind, whatever else it may be, is always real and sincere. A man in his involuntary actions and unconsidered utterances must of necessity expose his real nature [it does not at all follow that his "real nature" is worth exposing or expressing]; whereas those things which he does and says of set intention may or may not be sincere, and may or may not, therefore, reflect his true character. The music of the common people must always, therefore, be genuine and true, for instinct is their only guide and the desire of self-expression their only mo-

tive. (Pushed to its logical conclusion this would make out the nocturnal cry of the amorous cat to be more "genuine" than the love-music of "Tristan.") With art-music this is not always so. The art-musician practises his art of intention. He has expended time and thought upon his training. He is a specialist, and music is his trade. Consequently he is tempted, when the inspiration is not upon him, to make music for the sake of making it, to turn it out mechanically, to use his head and not his heart, to divorce feeling from expression. The folk-musician, on the other hand, working unconsciously and guided alone by the light of nature, is under no such temptation. He practises his art only when feeling and the desire of expression compel his utterance." This is just a revival of the eighteenth-century theory of the divine rightness of the noble savage and the corruption of civilization. Mr. Sharp does not perceive that the technique of an art is not a substitute for inspiration—in the case, of course, of a man who is born with something to say—but a clearing away of obstacles from the path of the expression of the idea. On his line of reasoning the unsophisticated peasant ought to be a better actor than Salvini or Coquelin, who practised their art "of intention." Mr. Sharp thinks that "folk-music is the ungarbled and ingenuous expression of the human mind, and on that account it must reflect the essential and basic qualities of the human mind." The peasant's language may be supposed to do the same thing; but is Shakespeare or Swinburne therefore to speak no swifter and subtler tongue than this? So far as *any* qualities of the human mind are really "essential and basic" we may be sure that they cannot be kept out of even the most modern art. What Mr. Sharp means by essential and basic are merely certain qualities of simplicity that have

been bred in men who have happened to live in a simple environment. But what special virtue there can be for us more complex beings in these qualities it would baffle any but a folk-song enthusiast to affirm. A good folk-song's only claim to respect is not that it is a folk-song, but that it is good.

Moreover, how can we be sure that any folk-song that is supposed to express the spirit of a given "community" is really the product of that community? Mr. Sharp contends that "the tune-variations which appeal to the community will be perpetuated as against those which attract the individual only." This leads him to embark upon one of those facile pseudo-distinctions that we so often meet with in discussions of race. Music, it seems, may be "an appeal to the sense of beauty, i.e., æsthetic in character; or it may be an appeal to the understanding, i.e., expressive in character"—a piece of thoroughly crude psychologizing to begin with. "Which of these will be the determining factor in selection will depend ultimately upon the *racial characteristics* of the community. The Celt will, in all probability, be attracted by those variations which are primarily sensuous, and which satisfy his somewhat ornate feeling for beauty; whilst in the case of the Anglo-Saxon those variations which make for self-expression will be given the preference." One need hardly comment upon this that "the Celt's" supposed "ornate feeling for beauty" must be just as much self-expression—his self-expression—as anything "the Saxon" may turn out, or that the theory that Celts are sensuous and Anglo-Saxons are not would make Pascal an Anglo-Saxon and Swinburne a Celt. It is more interesting to note Mr. Sharp's next remark—that "the tunes I have recovered in West Somerset, where the people, to judge by their speech, are partly Celtic, are certainly smoother and more polished than those

that I have gathered in East and Mid-Somerset (if smoothness and polish, by the way, are the criteria of Celtic sensuousness, then the supreme Celt of England would be a poet like Tennyson.) A rugged and foreful tune (Shall we say the "Marseillaise"?) seems to me to typify the Anglo-Saxon, one in whom the need for self-expression is the dominant feeling." That is to say, two racial types exist in this one English county—as has been noted, indeed, by other observers in other counties. How then can we be sure that what now passes for an "Anglo-Saxon" tune was not composed by a Celt, and vice versa? How many tunes may not have been brought overseas by sailors, travellers, or captives? It will not do to say that their characteristics reveal their origin,—that a "sensuous" tune is this and a "rugged" tune that, in Mr. Sharp's manner. That is altogether too fanciful and superficial. We know that patient research proves the foreign *provenance* of many a melody that has always been accepted as unquestionably "national." Mr. Frank Kidson has recently made merry play with the Welsh nationalists, showing that certain so-called old Welsh tunes are English. Manx folk-music contains many songs that are undoubtedly Irish and English in origin. Many a "German" tune has been born in France or Italy. We know, for example, that the chorale "In dir ist Freude" was one of the "Balletti" of Giovanni Gastoldi (1591); the chorale "Was mein Gott will, das g'scheh allzeit"—which Bach uses in the "St. Matthew Passion"—was originally a French love-song; the chorale "Durch Adams Fall ist ganz verderbt" was originally a soldiers' song at the battle of Pavia; the chorale "Wenn wir in höchsten Noten sind," which is inseparably associated with Bach, came, like several others, from the Huguenot psalter, being probably

an adaptation of a French folk-song. There is not one of these melodies that would not have been accepted as a typical product of "the German mind" until historical research proved their true origin. In an article entitled "Ein Kapital vergleichender Musikwissenschaft," in the first volume of the "Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft," Oskar Fleischer gives a series of musical examples showing that the same folk-song is found among the southern Slavs, in Austria, in north Germany, in Italy, and elsewhere. The well-known Neapolitan "Santa Lucia" is found distributed in the same way over half Europe. The melody of the mediæval hymn "Conditor alme siderum" is recognizable in folk-songs in Flanders, Brabant, Norway, Thuringia, Brittany, Dunkirk, Poland, Lithuania, Sweden, Saxony, Swabia, Switzerland, Luxemburg, Austria, the Pyrenees, and elsewhere. Who can say in which country it had its birth? If it be answered that in all these cases this "community" or that adopts the alien air because it is in accordance with its own "national" spirit, the whole case of the folk-song advocate is gone. To admit that a foreigner may write our folk-songs for us is to cut the ground from under the feet of the theory that only from a supposedly "English" treasury of folk-song can the material be drawn for the foundation of an "English school of music."

Is not, in fact, all this talk of "national" music a little wild? Is there such a thing as "the" Englishman, "the" German, or "the" Frenchman? It is a form of language, it is true, that we all use at times, but merely by way of a kind of shorthand, a swift generalization that can do little harm so long as we remember that it is no more than that. We may lump together the physical points in which Chinamen usually differ from Englishmen,—the

nose, the cheek-bones, the complexion, and so on—and thus obtain a sort of composite image of a number of Chinamen, and oppose it to a composite image of a number of Englishmen obtained in the same way. On these lines we might safely speak, for purposes of broad comparison, of "the" Chinaman and "the" Englishman. But even in the case of two races so widely different in many respects as these, there would be many Englishmen who looked more like Chinamen than certain un-Chinese-looking Chinamen, and vice versa; that is to say, the supposed fixity of type within a given territory is a myth, there being all possible variations of it observable when we study it in detail. Still less can we predicate any such fixity of type among the nations of Western Europe, or such starkness of type-contrast between one nation as a whole and another nation as a whole as is involved in the theory that "the" Celt is always this, and "the" Teuton always that, and "the" Latin invariably the other. We have only to look within our own borders, or at our own artistic and literary history, to see that the so-called English race puts forth specimens of every mental and moral type—stable and unstable, ascetic and voluptuous, intellectual and sensuous, reckless and careful, extravagant and precise—that could be raked together from all the countries on earth. "The" Englishman is a fiction. And when we speak of other nations as capable of being summed up under a single formula of this kind, it is only because we have not sufficient acquaintance with them to see them in detail. Were it not so we should not commit the gross error of speaking of "the Russian school of music," as if that vast empire, with its multiplicity of languages and of human types, had but one mind and one purpose. As Melchior de Vogüé once pointed out, we can never see an unfamiliar land

in such detail as a familiar one; a Russian landscape has a uniformity of outline and of tint for the Western eye that it never has for the eye of a Russian. Europeans think Japanese art monotonous; the Japanese say the same of ours. Humboldt said that at first all South American natives seemed to European eyes to be similarly featured; it was only afterwards that differences of physiognomy were observed. And every one knows that all the faces of a flock of sheep look alike to the townsman, though not to the shepherd. The theory that even in a simple community—to say nothing of complex communities like ours—there is any one type of mind or body that can claim to be "the" national type is absurd. "Ranke," says Mr. John M. Robertson in his elaborate study *The Saxon and the Celt*, "used to be often cited as the typical German historian. . . . Well, Ranke was a little dark man with bright black eyes, answering somewhat closely to that type of Ligurian or Aquitanian which is at times specified as the fundamental element in the so-called Celtic peoples—a type as far as possible from that of the traditional Teuton." Nelson, so the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* tells us, was not at all typical of the English of his epoch; while M. Romain Rolland says of César Franck, the pure Belgian, that "there is no mind more completely French than his."

If the Bismarck build, with its physical massiveness, its heavy, square jaw, is to be taken as "typical" of the German, what are we to make of the gaunt and lanky and nervous Richard Strauss? To see the full absurdity of these attempts to reduce complex nations to a single formula we have only to read some of the generalizations of foreign writers about ourselves. M. Augustin Fllon, for example, gravely told his French readers the other day that Mr. G. K. Chesterton is "one of the

writers who best express the British soul"—which must be unfair either to the British soul or to Mr. Chesterton. There is, indeed no end to the ridicule that could be poured upon these facile and foolish generalizations.

And if there is no such thing as "the" English spirit, how can our folk-songs ever have expressed it, or how can we express it now, by the help of the folk-song or without it? Will the enthusiasts explain how, in the days before easy communication tended to obliterate by mixture the differences between the inhabitants of the various parts of the country, any song of one district *could* be said to be a summary of the soul of another district or of the country as a whole? The differences between a Dorsetshire peasant and a North-countryman are marked enough even now; what must they have been centuries ago? How can any of these old songs claim the universality it is attempted to ascribe to them? And as there is no such thing as "the" Englishman to-day—only Englishmen of the most diverse physical and mental types, passions, appetites, ideas—how can any one composer hope to express the "national" mind in music? Suppose a composer never to have heard a folk-song in his life, how much worse off would he be? The enthusiasts who assert that there is some peculiar efficacy in the folk-song should be able to tell us precisely how its virtues act. Would the music of "Gerontius" have been any the better if Elgar had known all the folk-songs of England, or any the worse if he had never known one

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of them? What light upon the problem of Gerontius's soul, dazed and shaken at the thought of death, can be thrown by "Tarry Trowsers" or "I'm seventeen come Sunday," or "Mowing the Barley"? Are we not, in fact, sentimentally idealizing our ancestors in the lump when we suppose that their artless outpourings can have, in the majority of cases, any but an antiquarian interest for us of to-day? To the enthusiastic collector every goose among the folk-songs,—nay, every waddling duck—is a glorious swan. To the less deluded student a vast number of folk-songs are obviously the commonplace things that might be expected from the village "chawbacon" who conceived them; while to the good tunes is due the same respect as—but no more than—we accord to anything in this world that is good of its kind. A modern English composer can have no more to learn from English folk-songs than from those of Germany or Hungary or Scandinavia, and no more to learn from the whole of them together than from Palestrina and Bach and Wagner and Strauss. He will write great music only if he assimilates life generously; and if he expresses profoundly and beautifully what all of us feel *qua* human beings he will necessarily express what we feel *qua* German or French or English human beings. The truly great artists are citizens of the world. It is only the little ones who cannot see, or do not want to see, beyond their parish, their province, or even their country.

Ernest Newman.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MERRY WAKEFIELD.

Hour after hour they trudged through the increasing snow and darkness across pathless moors; or if there were roads of any sort Job either failed to hit them or purposely avoided them. The only variation in the monotony of toil was the change from the firm and rough to the swampy, or when they had to wade an unbridged stream. Job hardly spoke except now and then to mark their course with a name, apparently more for his own encouragement than his companion's information.

"T' Don, for sartain. Now we goo up again. I wish I were as sure o' t' rest o' t' road."

"Crow Edge, I belave. But I canna see't."

"Whitley Common, mebbe. Onyhow 'tis weet enoo."

"If we be reet, an' I canna say 'at we bain't, Denby should be smack i' front on's."

All along the rising wind disputed the way with them and the snow joined with the darkness to bewilder their vision, and with the difficulties of the ground, the stony places and the marshy, the pitfalls and swollen watercourses, to harass and ensnare their every step.

Said Job, "We're a lang while a-crossin' t' Huddersfield road. But theer, dang it, I shouldn't know it if I weer stannin' on't."

At last they stumbled against a shepherd's shelter, a tiny doorless erection of loose stones thatched with heather.

"Let's snuggle in," said Job, "an' tak shield while we can see dayleét."

It was barely wide enough for the two to squeeze in, and only high enough for crouching or sitting.

"Square thee, brother," said Job, as he followed Roland in. "'Tis narrer," he said, as he settled on his hams; "but not so narrer as—that yonner. Ah well, I mun mind me. Sure an' sartain hope o'— What were't?"

"Of the insurrection to summat," answered Roland, who thought nothing inconceivable in a Protestant formula.

"That's it; t' insurrection to summat. But wae'st heart-aday, my feer, I doubt I shall forget again, an' that ud be scath. Knowst thou ony way o' ne'er forgettin'?"

"The only way of ne'er forgetting," answered Roland, "is to remember."

They supped on a rye loaf they had brought with them, then rested as well as they could. Job was soon snoring. But Roland though he often repeated the change from crouching to sitting, from sitting to crouching, and maybe lapsed now and then into unconsciousness, never enjoyed that complete dis-severance which brings rest. As soon as he could see his knees before him he was glad to push the snow away from the entrance, crawl stiffly forth, stand up and stretch his cramped limbs. Job followed him out yawning. The snow had ceased falling, but it lay on the ground a foot deep. The sky was clear, the moon still high, the wide earth all of a gray white.

Job knew nothing of their whereabouts; they had to go at a venture, taking their northward direction from the moon. There was a slinging wind, keen but not blustering. A bright meteor darted across the sky before them.

"Lo thee!" cried Job.

"Ay," said Roland, "'tis a shooting star."

"Nay, 'tis t' poor Highlan' mon's saul a-gooin' up to heaven."

For an hour they plodded through

the snow, now up to the waist in a drift, now up to the knee in a bog, then they saw a little church before them and a few houses, which Job declared to be Denby. There they stopped at the ale-house and ate bread and cheese and drank ale by a sulky just-lighted fire. When they started again it was day, and soon they crossed a rude road.

"That goes to Barnsley," said Job broodingly. "I bought t' ring theer. Gied a crown for't. 'Tis a twel-month coom Valentine's day."

He spoke never a word more until he said, "Yon's High Hoyland church," pointing to a church which appeared very white against a backing of trees high on a hill.

They did not pass through High Hoyland however, but turning aside to the lower ground made their way across a great park that lay about a great house and was well wooded and adorned with a lake, an astonishing contrast to the treeless desolations through which they had been journeying. When they were through that and on higher ground again Job said, "Yon's merry Wakefield!" with a great sigh to help out the adjective. But they had to go many a mile yet through the intervening valley before that high spire was more to them than a distant landmark. On the way as occasion offered they inquired after a horse for Roland, but without success. Night was falling by the time that they had crossed the Ings and come within sight of Wakefield bridge, within hearing of the weir. It seemed a considerable town for those days, and Roland held back from entering.

"Nay, coom thee on," said Job; "nont'll put thee up for t'neet, I'll up-ho'd thee. They live on t' Softs, just tother side o' a brig. And mebbe nuncle could tell's of a tit for sale. He's a clothworker by trade but he has a brother as works a farm."

In the end he persuaded Roland to

await his return, which he promised should be speedy. The performance however hardly came up to the promise. Roland, wearying of standing, gradually drew nearer until he stood upon the bridge. There was nobody about. He leant against the parapet and watched the flow of the dark river. Its gloom was only broken by the long line of glimmering white that marked the position of the weir, and by the peeping reflection of a solitary star.

He wearied of the river and the roar of its weir. The road into the town was unlighted and unpeopled. He took a score of steps thitherward, and a score more. The roadway was over the ankles in mire and slushy snow, and down the middle of it trickled a tiny brook. Its darkness was hardly touched by the broken firelight or faint rushlight from a few of the mean houses that were irregularly set on either side, and were for the most part as still as they were dark. Only in one of them did he perceive any noticeable concurrence of voices, loud voices they were as if in dispute, and that he passed hastily by. Thus little by little he stole two or three hundred yards up the road, to where the houses were thickly placed and there was a little passing to and fro between them. Then he suddenly remembered himself, and turning again strode quickly down towards the bridge. He had not gone half the distance when he found the road before him occupied by a group of excited talkers. The nearest house was that which he had before remarked as being singularly noisy. It now gave forth the sound of a woman's voice in shrill lamentation and men's voices raised in anger of remonstrance. Children were fighting for vantage ground whence to peep through the keyhole or between the curtains. But what Roland gave attention to was the high-pitched talk of the gossips in the road.

"Why did t' mon coom here?"

"Why? Sure becos he's nevvv to t' woman. He's Sukey Tysack's nevvv Joe from Penlstone way."

"Murder, didsta say?"

"Ay, murder and robbery."

"Then howsumdever his feet be set he stans very kittle."

"Whisht! they're off wee 'm to t' kid-cote."¹

For the door of the house was opening, and it let out a man bearing a constable's staff. The light was enough for Roland's fear-sharpened senses to see that, and also to see two other men following him with Job between them handcuffed. He turned back and hurried up the street, greatly afraid, into the thick of the town. The open shop-fronts lighted the road. There was much chaffering that Saturday night between aproned shop-men and shawled women over joints of meat and rolls of cloth. But men or women, Roland saw them as possible accusers, captors. He went round two sides of the high-steepled church, but only felt it as something impending. He was right glad when with a change almost sudden he gained a broad and quiet street, where there was no buying or selling, no loungers and hardly a passer; where the houses were larger and fewer, frowned upon the common road with the superciliousness of a porch, stood off from it were it only a yard or two, fenced themselves with an air of reserve, even walled themselves off with somewhat of haughtiness. But as he passed one such house—it had a porch but only the nominal separation of posts and chain—the door was wide open and the light from the hall fell upon two persons who stood on the top step of a flight of four.

"Tell him 'ties our quarter sessions next week and I shall be too busy at court."

Roland looked up and saw a portly

¹ The town lock-up.

elderly gentleman who was speaking to a thin formal clerklike man, while he drew on his second shammy glove and settled his double chin into his comfortable neckcloth before venturing down into the inclemency of the street. His garb—moderate tie-wig, hat of a modest cock and snuff-colored roquelaure—was of a prim scrupulosity which was gently bantered by the jauntiness of his eyes.

"Ha' ye finished engrossing the lease and release, *re* Hodges to Wainwright, against to-morrow?"

"Ay, sir."

"Don't forget to tell Watson we can't gie him longer than while Monday."

The clerk shut the door and went in. Roland gathering that the chief speaker was a lawyer had checked his haste, had hung back. All at once he had realized his desperate need of advice, and he was taken by the gentleman's appearance. He turned and stopped him at the foot of his steps.

"Are you a lawyer, sir?" he said. "Forgive the question."

"The question shall not only be forgiven but answered," said the gentleman. "I am a lawyer by vocation and Strawbenzie by name."

"Then, sir, I would fain have your advice."

Roland felt the attorney's eyes overglance him with a certain curiosity, perhaps doubt.

"I can pay for it," he added.

"On those terms my advice is always in season and on sale. Come in hither."

Mr. Strawbenzie led him into the house, took off his outdoor attire in the hall, turned by a glazed door into a shabby office, where the clerk was busily scratching with a quill, nose on paper, and saw nothing. Passing through he ushered him into his private room and shut the door. It was a room so small that lawyer and client might have sat in opposite corners and yet

held confidential talk. Its furniture consisted of a writing-table, a couple of chairs, a fire-guard and a coal-box. There was besides of course a book-case sparsely furnished with books bound in dingy sheep-skin, shelving laden with sombre deed-boxes, and on the table a methodical litter of tape-bound documents. The attorney stirred the coal-fire into a blaze, and bade Roland draw a chair up on one side of it while he took the other, saying:

"You seem to have dreed some coarse weather lately."

Roland looked away from him into the fire, sombrely pondering how to begin.

"Well, young sir? I do not seek to pee¹ into what consarns neither your case nor my opinion, but since you ask for my advice you invite me to ask for your confidence."

His direct look was expressive of a genial acuteness, as far from hardness as from softness, and Roland determined to tell him—just as much as he was obliged.

"I will try," said he, "to make myself understood, while not forgetting that the matter is not altogether my own property. 'Tis indeed mainly another man's."

"Ah?"

"Yes, sir. And he has been taken up in your town; ay, not half an hour ago."

"Upon what charge, prithee?"

"I do not know that I can properly say. But anyhow 'tis like to be a much heavier charge than the most he's gully of."

"He is innocent belike?"

"Ay, truly."

"And has good witnesses to that?"

"Himself and me."

"If this charge mount up to so much as felony you may put himself aside."

"But 'tis to himself, sir, I shall wish to leave him, for in truth 'twill be

² Pry.

mighty inconvenient for me to remain here but this one night."

"Then his affairs stand very tickle, for a person upon his trial for felony is not competent to gie testimony on his own behalf."

"What am I to do?"

It was not so much a question as a cry. Mr. Strawbenzie reached out to his desk, took a folded sheet of paper from one of the pigeon-holes and opened it before his eyes.

"You have a call to be gone hence?"

"I have."

"A peremptory call?"

"Ay, most peremptory."

While the attorney was so deliberately questioning his eyes were by turns upon the paper and Roland's person, as though he were comparing the writing on the one with the writing on the other.

"Maybe I yet hold only the loose end o' this business, but my advice, based upon such data as I have afore me, is that you mind that call."

"And tother man?"

"On what foot are you with him? Are you anyways bounded to him?"

"Yes, he has no help save in me."

"Fie! that's toota common a bond to have so particular an effect."

"I cannot leave him to die."

"An ox must not fatch³ himself with many onters⁴ about a hoss. What is the worst that can behappen you if you tender his interests to the scath o' your own?"

Roland did not answer. The attorney rose and took a book from the case, a volume of Wood's *Institutes*, the first that offered itself to his hand, then said:

"Well, afore I put the clinch to my advice I must have a quiet quarter of an hour myself alone to compare precedents and weigh opinions. For so long

¹ Harass.

⁴ Scruples.

a term, with your permission, I leave you to your own company."

He went out into the clerk's office, but immediately returned with a printed paper in his hand, which he gave to Roland, saying:

"Maybe you hanna seen the *Leeds Mercury* for last Tuesday. If so, I doubt not you'll find matter in't at least as amusing as the backs o' my books."

He went to a buffet or small corner cupboard, took thence a decanter of port wine and a glass, which he filled and presented to Roland, then again withdrew. The *Mercury* was a two-penny dish of stale broken meat from the London newspapers, and Roland glanced over its columns with a slack attention while he sipped the wine, warmed his legs and forgot as much as he could. Thus he arrived by the zigzag of haphazard at a single paragraph of local news, set out with as little method as the cursory tattle of the tea-table; an assembly ball at York, the health of the Countess of Oxford, the wreck of a fishing-smack off Filey Brigg. But suddenly his wandering attention was glued to an item of quite other interest.

"Roland Surety, the Sherwood Forest murderer, is believed to be now in hiding in the West Riding. His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, being Lord Warden of the Forest, has been pleased to offer a reward of £20 for his apprehension."

He was seized by a horrible throttling fear, as though he felt his footing give way under him and had lost all hold upon earth but by a rope about his neck. He sat incapable of action or even impulse; until he heard a door open noisily somewhere in the house. That brought him to his feet. The loud door might be letting in blood-money hunters upon him; he saw the street full of pursuers. He thought to escape by the window, which gave upon a paved yard. His hand was

already upon the casement fastener when Mr. Strawbenzie re-entered.

"What ails ye?" he said. "D'ye feel a fit o' the qualms?" He filled the wine-glass again. "Drink that off; 'twill do ye a power more good than the nip of the outside air, which is more unfriend than friend to all but the brute kind. That's well. Now sit again. How d'ye feel now?"

"Better, thank ye."

"'Twas that sudden incoming from frost to fire turned ye mazy. I myself suffer a like disturbance from the same cause. And as you see, I keep the specific against it handy. Ha' ye read the news? I wish we don't grow to have warr news from Scotland."

Whether through the natural return of his courage or the operation of the stimulant or the attorney's perfect composure and the stillness of house and street, one or all of these, that buzz in the ears left him, so that he heard his adviser's next words distinctly.

"Well, young sir, as to your own case my opinion has nowise shifted on a more leisured consideration. 'Tis not reasonable that you be required to make your necessity jee' with another man's conveniency. I might cite precedent and propound argument at length, but I can well see that you're a lad o' sense and modesty who won't demand to be painfully persuaded to your good. Besides any arguing would in a sense war with my conclusion; which is that you admit a peremptory call do obey that call instanter. And now, if I have g'ven you all the light you need, I must beg you to excuse me. When you first addressed me I was setting forth to an appointment whilk e'en then wanted very little of being ower-due."

Roland rose and let himself be led to the door and ushered forth. He

* Agree.

was altogether of the attorney's opinion and eager to set his face once more in the direction of Scotland, and if not safety at least an open peril. He walked swiftly on up the road in the same direction as before, and soon had exchanged the sullied snow of the town for an expanse of pure white. He had walked fully an hour with no aim but of making the distance greater between himself and Wakefield, when suddenly, without any apparent lead, there thrust itself in between the jostle of his thoughts the recollection that he had not paid the attorney the market price of his learned counsel. He forthwith turned back and in less than an hour again stood on the attorney's doorstep. The attorney had returned and on his asking came into the hall to him, but seemed much put out when he saw who it was, and especially when he learnt the cause of his return.

"Pugh, pugh!" he said with Roland's guinea piece open on his palm. "Isn't there such thing to your knowledge as the king's post? I weened you had been by this a good eight mile on the road whither your extreme urgent business compels you. You appear to me, young man, to have mighty little consideration for your legs."

The answer whereto, if answer there was, was cut off by a knock at the door. The attorney opened, and a man's deep rough voice was heard to say:

"I ha' come, sir, about backing t' warrand 'at t' messenger from Nottinghamshire has bro't. Squire Dunsdon warn't in, an'—"

"Ah you, Newberry? Come in, man. What weather 'tis, surely! But afore I hear one word o' business gang down into the kitchen and bid Mary thaw your voice with a pint pot of October."

"Yo're varry kind, sir, but I were bidden mak' haste to turn again, for—"

"Tut, man! Lawful business, whilk

is to say legal business, was never hindered by reasonable refreshment. How lonk will't tak ye to lay another pint cheek by jowl—I had better ha' said paunch cum belly—with that you laid in at the 'Bull' on your way?"

Newberry may have blushed; he made no audible reply. The attorney opened the door wide; Roland was cornered in between it and the wall. A tall rough-looking man entered in a big slouched hat.

"Pass on, Newberry, pass on. You know the way, I trow; no need for gentleman usher."

Newberry passed on, doffing his hat, and the sound of his snow-deadened boots soon ceased along the passage. The attorney took silver from his breeches' pocket, wherefrom he selected a groat and put it into Roland's hand.

"Seven shillings. Did you mark that tall fellow as he went through?" He added two crowns to the groat. He did not seem to notice that Roland had not answered, not yet that he was pale and his hand shook. "Seventeen shillings. Do you happen to know him?"

"No."

Yet Roland's fear of that no made it a half yes. The pile in his shaking hand was increased by a half-crown.

"Nineteen shillings and sixpence. 'Tis our deputy. A worthy fellow, a good ding-thrift, an excellent toss-pot. He has much on his hands just now, what with warrants of our own and other counties. I foresee heavy jail-deliveries at the next assizes. Sixpence makes twenty shillings. Fie on sus. per col! 'Tis a toota compendious—I might ha' said suspensious—addition to 'hic jacet.' And another shilling completes the total. I'm sorry you considered yourself bounded to this return. Your obleeged sarvant, sir. It wants a quarter of seven and the moon won't be up of three hours or

more, but the snow-light will mark ye the road out almost as clear as by day. I hope your business won't carry you by York; 'tis said that deep drifts block the way thither. Besides there's a ruck o' sojers there just now, whilk makes inn-room extraordinary dear."

As the attorney spoke he opened the door. Roland made no reply but the proper good-night; his thoughts were al-

ready upon the road, the long white lonely night-road. He did not walk, he ran. He could not breathe freely in the same place with a constable who held a Nottinghamshire warrant. But he loathed the idea of another iteration of that long monotonous road. At the first offer he turned to the right down a narrow lane, which took him straight out of the town.

(To be continued.)

REVOLUTIONARY SENTIMENTALITY.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century France is visibly laboring under a strange malady—supersentimentalism. The whole national organism is thrown out of gear by the perpetual and excessive stimulation of its emotional fibres. The disorder, becoming suddenly aggravated, directly causes the Revolution which is at once abnormally horrible and abnormally sublime. Critics in their attempt to explain this strange moral transformation are wont to lay stress on the influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the enthusiastic apostle of nature-worship. Their reasoning is, however, a trifle loose, for already in the later years of the reign of Louis XIV there is manifest in literature a keen spirit of reaction against the too strict exercise of reason, against the too exclusive observation of the soul, and against the practice of too strict, too cold and cut-and-dried a code of manners. La Chaussée in his "tearful" plays, the famous *comédies larmoyantes*, Marivaux in his *Vie de Marianne*, and the Abbé Prévost in his *Manon Lescaut* had shown a very opposite tendency, and had thus largely contributed to set the tide of fashion in favor of gushing tenderness and passionate outpourings to the utter neglect of all social conventions. The

above-mentioned works saw the light long before Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, which was not published till two years after Diderot's pathetic *Fils Naturel*.

If the *Nouvelle Héloïse* enjoyed so large a measure of success it was surely due to the fact that the public, by what it had previously assimilated, was better able to understand and appreciate a work of such character.

It is none the less true that the wide popularity of a novel of this kind contributed to render the general disorder more acute. The delight in its cloying sweetness was universal and shared alike by kings, queens¹ and shopkeepers. It even filtered through to the working-classes. Every one lived again the sad adventure of Julie and Saint Preux, and sighed, lamented, and fell into a fever over the story of those tender-hearted lovers. Little by little people worked themselves into believing that human perfection consisted in each person for himself living up to this standard of sentimental nicety and susceptibility and in a perpetual gush. Greuze as a painter accurately renders all the fervor, passionate transports and artificial artlessness that characterize this period.

¹ Like Julie, Marie Antoinette had at Trianon her village, dairy, and white-fleeced sheep.

Many educational luminaries went so far as to include a training in this highest form of art in their curriculum. Madame de Genlis, who acted as governess to the House of Orleans, counted amongst her pupils a pretty child named Pamela,³ who, thanks to her teaching, had become a most proficient pantomimist. She made no scruples about allowing her to give drawing-room performances, and the little girl won the hearts of her audiences by her skill in mimicking such emotions as fear, anxiety and despair. "Give us Héloïse," would say Madame de Genlis, and straightway Pamela, loosening her comb and letting her hair fall about her shoulders, would fall on one knee and pose in an attitude of despair, her eyes sadly upcast heavenwards and her hands clasped as if in agonizing prayer.⁴

All persons of quality, without distinction of sex, soon became highly skilful in such eloquent portrayal of their feelings. Some acquired veritable talent, but at the cost of health. The constant excitement of the nerves resulted in serious debility.

The National Assembly, comprising though it did the very cream of the three Orders, was a gathering of super-sensitive Epicureans, as was well witnessed by the quite hysterical scene of the Tennis Court Oath,⁵ with all its huggings and effusion. Further proof was given on the 15th of July, on the morrow of the storming of the Bastille. Louis XVI had come down among the deputies, submitting thus to mob law, and this occasioned a veritable orgy of beatitude to which sev-

eral of the representatives succumbed. One of them, asserts Thibaudeau,⁶ fell "heels overhead" choked with joy; another, named Blanc, also collapsed and was picked up, stone dead. As for those whose delight was too much for them, and who swooned, their number is beyond reckoning. After the sitting the king was mobbed, says the *Moniteur*, by men eager to "bear him filial escort," and those who were nearest him were forced to join hands to save him from the crush. The chain was nevertheless broken several times. Dominating the turmoil could be heard languorous music, the band playing the then favorite tune: "*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*" At this, the whole gathering burst into sobs.

In the hostile camp things were much the same. The king graced with his presence a dinner given by the Royal Body Guards on October 1st. As he entered, the band struck up the famous song in *Richard Cœur de Lion*: "*O Richard, ô mon Roi, l'univers t'abandonné,*" and there was not a dry eye to be seen.

On the celebrated night of the 4th of August this demoralization led to acts bordering on sheer lunacy. In one hysterical hour the mandates of the nation themselves made a clean sweep of the most integral elements of French society—not the feudal abuses which were evidently bound to go, but the complete system and organization of certain bodies politic and certain provinces. Each new sacrifice was hailed with enthusiastic cheers by the deputies, whose heads were now completely turned; the fever of excitement flamed higher and still higher. The wreckers outvied each other; the pace was soon fast and furious. When the Duc du Châtelet declared that without waiting for discussion he had himself called upon his vassals to redeem

³ She was, it appears, the daughter of Madame de Genlis and Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orléans. After many adventures she married Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the famous Irish agitator.

⁴ Cf. "*Memoires de Mme. Vigée Lebrun*," I. 229, and "*L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs*," xiv. 220. (Narrative of Mme. de la Rochejacquelein.)

⁵ Cf. the celebrated picture by David. It is well known that David was a very accurate painter.

⁶ Thibaudeau: "*Memoires*."

his feudal privileges, the assembly grew almost faint with ecstasy. Such members as were unable in their passion of enthusiasm to apostrophize this Friend of Humanity in articulate words stretched out their arms towards him in a species of frenzy. Thereafter the game was kept up with yet wilder speed. There ensued a regular scramble, each man being eager to lay upon his country's altar his own particular offering to the commonweal—well in the sight of all, to be sure, for generosity did not exclude a certain degree of vanity or liking for spectacular effect, and the intoxication of applause easily sent such heads swimming that were already anything but stable.

Never did the aristocracy show itself more feather-brained and illogical. They can only be compared with one gone raving mad and pitching furniture and wardrobe out of window, so that when the crisis was over they were reduced to all but nakedness; and as what the middle-classes desired was not so much the impoverishment of the aristocracy as its abasement to their own level, this Bartholomew Massacre of pecuniary prerogatives was bound to be followed at no long interval by a general slaughter of titles. For it must not be forgotten that the privileges swept away on the 4th of August were material privileges. Once they were gone, there was little difficulty in completing the work. Since personal advantages no longer existed, and there remained nothing to distinguish rank and dignity, it was only logical that rank and dignity themselves should be levelled away. A further decree proclaimed the abolition of all dukes, marquises and counts, in fine of the whole nobility, and, though this was not yet specifically mentioned, the annihilation of the blood-royal. Louis XVI, who had been the first gentleman of France, thus became mere Mr. Capet, one of the constituted authori-

ties. But then why should he be the supreme office-holder rather than any other, since neither pride of birth, nor personal excellence, nor deeds, nor past services were of any account in lifting one man higher than his fellows? "Gentlemen," said the Duc de Lauzun, "what have we done? Who knows?" They realized later that they had killed the political organism and consummated the piece-meal dismemberment of the social body in France.

But the country was smitten with a fit of humanitarianism yet more violent, when Necker disclosed the lamentable picture of the financial state of the country and insisted upon the immediate necessity of a sum of thirty million francs. His proposal to raise the amount on loan at five per cent. encountered lively opposition. Two deputies declared their readiness to subscribe thirty thousand francs without interest. They were cheered, but not with greater enthusiasm than was an old soldier of ninety, who publicly resigned his pension. It soon became necessary to institute a Register of Patriotic Addresses. As they were individually announced at the beginning of every sitting they enormously increased in number. Their variety was infinite, ranging from immense sums to amounts futile in their insignificance. They were read out, and the gift of a forest, or half a million francs would be followed by such contributions as a snuff-box, a shoe-buckle, a thimble, a bushel of maize, an egg or even less—a loving wish. But all these offerings met with the same welcome, the same rounds of cheering.

The parliamentary history of the Revolution is as rich in such fatuous and puerile details as in really pathetic episodes.

On the 23rd of October 1789, in the very midst of the sitting, it was announced that an old man of the ad-

vanced age of 120 "was desirous of beholding the Assembly that had delivered the land from the bonds of slavery." The new Methuselah was ushered in and the whole assembly, rising to their feet, greeted him with ringing cheers. Hobbling along on his crutches he proceeded to seat himself in an arm-chair opposite the tribune and then handed up his baptismal certificate to the President. Herein it was stated that he had been born at Saint Sorbin in the Mont-Jura on the 10th of October 1669. When the date was read aloud yells of admiration burst from every breast; the deputies flung themselves into each other's arms, hiccoughing with bliss. In 1793 there was a repetition of the same pother on a similar occasion. This time the heroine was a doddering old negress who had taken up her place in the procession of petitioners. The Abbé Grégoire, while his colleagues were almost swooning with emotion, put the following maudlin proposal: "There still exists an aristocracy; the aristocracy of color. I demand its abolition."

The Convention, indeed, was not to be surpassed by the Constituent Assembly in its mawkish sentimentality. The same men who so readily voted infamous laws and approved the butchery of whole hecatombs, were unwearying huggers and kissers. The President's time was taken up during half the sittings in bestowing and receiving kisses. Every dram-drinking toss-pot and rapscallion who came to demand the death of an aristocrat or to lay the proceeds of his robbery at the bar of the Assembly exchanged with him the official embrace or *accolade*. It is true that his task was at times more appetizing, for priests, who had taken the Civic Oath, and even bishops, dedicated to the Convention the wives that they had chosen according to the law, and on the cheeks of

these ladies it was the President's duty to set the seal of his republican lips. All were not viragoes.

The flood-gates of fuddled humanitarianism were now wide open. It was out of humanity that Louis XVI was beheaded, without respite. "It were too cruel," said the hypocrites, "to prolong the agony of one condemned." It was out of humanity that the counter-revolutionaries were butchered in batches. "We are accused of being anthropophagi," pleasantly remarked Collot d'Herbois,* "We had two hundred conspirators shot simultaneously, and this is cast in our teeth as a crime. Is it not clearly a sign of our lovingkindness? When we guillotine twenty criminals, the last to take his turn suffers death a score of times, whereas these two hundred perished together." Moreover, it was humanity that caused patriotic Guillotin to dedicate to his country his instrument, so swift and sure in operation.

All the prime movers of the Terror were men of the most tender disposition. Most of them had pretty faces and gently modulated voices. Collot d'Herbois and his friend Billaud Varennes were proficient writers of witty nothings and sentimental ditties; Fabre d'Eglantine composed the popular melody "*Il pleut, il pleut, bergère*" ("Tis raining, raining, Shepherdess"); Bertrand Barère, the Reporter to the Committee of Public Safety, was, like Diderot, an expert in the art of weeping—at will. Camille Desmoulins while working hand in hand with Robespierre could still "sigh like a furnace." Monstrous Couthon himself averred that had his crippled legs allowed him he would have recoiled from the sight of a corpse, and that he could not nerve himself to wring a pigeon's neck.

Nevertheless Collot d'Herbois and

* "Discours aux Jacobins," 24 Nivose, Year II. He alludes to the massacres at Lyon.

Billaud Varennes were the headsman's most lavish purveyors. It was Couthon who reported in favor of the Law of Suspects, which prevented the accused from calling any exculpatory witnesses and decreed death as the only penalty. Barère, who has been nicknamed the Anacreon of the guillotine, was a past-master in palliating the most dastardly infamy and cloaking brutes like Lebon at Arras, Foucher at Lyon, Fréron and Barras at Toulon, and Carrier at Nantes. He used his native wit as a Gascon to crack jokes at the expense of the victims. As the Republic escheated their goods, and thus made good its financial disasters, he jestingly observed that the *Place de la Révolution*⁷ was the place for striking coin. "The guillotine is only a bed a little more uncomfortably made than the ordinary" was another of his quips. It was he also who suggested the making of seven head-holes for the quicker furtherance of business.

Desmoulins was a wretched victim to nervous disorder, and his pluck depended upon the crises of his malady. David, the painter, was also liable to similar sudden outbursts directly caused by his state of morbid excitability. One day, imagining a sanguinary decree to be aimed at his person, he leapt towards the tribune vociferating: "I too am a virtuous man, murder me." On the evening of the 8th Thermidor Robespierre, his friend, had read to the Jacobin Club the speech he had just made in the Convention. "This," he added, "is my last will and testament. I saw to-day that the league of the wicked against me is so strong, that I cannot hope to escape. I fall without regret. I leave you my memory; you will hold it dear and defend it." This farewell was potent in its effect upon his hearers. David, overmastered by emotion,

⁷ Originally the *Place Louis XV.*, and now the *Place de la Concorde*. It was here that the scaffold was set up.

swore to throw in his lot with the incorruptible. "If the hemlock must be drained, Robespierre, I will drink it with thee!" The next day he forswore "the Tyrant" and allied himself with his foes.⁸

These quick movements of the heart were always more or less make-believe. Nothing is more vile than soft-tongued love in the mouth of a Robespierre. Referring to the September massacres he loudly declaimed: "We are told that an innocent victim has perished: some have taken a perverse pleasure in exaggerating the number. One victim is doubtless far too many. Let us weep for the cruel mistake; let us weep even for the guilty victims" marked out for the vengeance of the laws, who have fallen beneath the sword of the people's justice. But let your grief have a measure; keep a few tears for calamities more touching still; weep for a hundred thousand patriots who have fallen a sacrifice to tyranny; weep for our citizens expiring beneath their burning roofs and their sons butchered in the cradle or in their mothers' arms."⁹

The Convention, importuned by the complaints of the opposition deputies imprisoned in the gaols, had for form's sake ordered an inquiry. Two members, ruffians beneath contempt, visited the *Madelonnettes* prison and inspected those in confinement there, questioning them as to the causes of their dissatisfaction. "Is your correspondence intercepted? Are you refused the amenities of life: coffee, syrups, choco-

⁸ It is well known that he finally became official painter to Napoleon.

⁹ A Jacobin.

¹⁰ The counter-revolutionaries and even the moderates.

¹¹ In order better to estrange the king and the people, he was compelled to declare war. The Girondins and the Montagnards desired the conflict in order that they might have some decisive charge to level at Louis XVI. He could now be represented as "a drinker of the nation's blood," or "a cannibal." It was for him that they were fighting on the frontier and each soldier that fell was a fresh victim of this "Nero!"

late and fruits? Speak, speak, dear colleagues; the Committee of Public Safety has despatched us to bring you consolation and to hear your grievances." The unhappy prisoners proceeded to describe their pitiful condition, the insufficiency of their rations, the filthy state of their cells, &c. The two commissioners affected the most lively indignation. "This," said one of them, brushing away a tear, "is an atrocious crime. Tell us, dear colleagues, the names of those who in you have thus shamefully entreated the representatives of the nation: they shall pay the penalty." Without further tarrying and in presence of those concerned they enjoined the overseers who accompanied them to select for "these gentlemen" a commodious house with a garden. The Committee, they said, would look to it that they were well cared for. "Farewell, dear colleagues, and count on our good offices." Such were their parting words, but it was all hollow mockery. That very evening they drew up a report recommending that things should be left *in statu quo*.

Gradually this play-acting and duplicity had become a second nature. People were lavish in their display of sympathy; "affection and sensibility" had to be shown in every hand-shake. As Villate remarks, 'a citizen must be spoken to with that frankness and effusion which are worthy of love of country and inseparable from tenderest friendship.' "But," observes Leblanc,¹³ "the man who but now clasped me to his breast in witness of his friendship will in a moment's time essay to stab me." Saint-Just, when on a commission of inspection to the Army of the Rhine, happened to meet with an old school-fellow, an officer whose conduct had been censured. Saint-Just took his quondam friend in

his arms and then engaged him for some moments in amicable converse. A minute later he ordered him to be arrested and brought to trial.

Artlessness goes hand in hand with Machiavellian depravity. When the Terror was at its height on the 6th of Prairial there was played at the Rue Feydeau theatre, says a critic in the *Moniteur*, an extremely pretty little piece entitled *Les Vrais Sans-culottes*. It may be summarized as follows. A certain Dumont had become rich during the Revolution. His family, who on the contrary had fallen into the direst straits, came to solicit his assistance. They meet with rebuff, but are taken in and cared for by some poor people. "This production," continues the critic, "characterized by delightfully natural sentiments, produced a striking effect and goes to prove that there is no need to stray far afield or to invoke extraordinary means in order to move an audience to gentle tears."

It would seem that the Golden Age had once more returned. Citizens gathered together to hear babes and sucklings recite the republican catechism. In the Temple of Reason in the Bonne Nouvelle Quarter there was on the 7th of Ventôse, Year III, an immense congregation. For three quarters of an hour by the clock a boy of thirteen discoursed on democratic government. His auditors could not refrain from weeping. The Jacobins, who styled themselves the "Pure," now began more and more to lead a communistic existence; they took their meals together at the "civic board." In the evenings the crossways became the scene of public banqueting. Paris, in fact, was turned into one vast dining-room. Neighbors gathered around the tables set up before each door. Artisan, tradesman and the fortunate possessor of private means clinked glasses in friendly style, whilst old men

¹³ Leblanc. First speech against Collet d'Herbois, Barere, etc. No. 19.

and "tender mothers" might be seen teaching the young idea the words of some patriotic song, what time the sturdy sons of toll looked on applauding lustily and roaring thunderous approval.

Let it be noted, however, that this fair fraternity was perhaps not quite so spontaneous as it looked. The grand watchword of the anarchical régime had been hammered well home into every head. It ran "Fraternity or Death," and woe betide the lodger who refused to assume all the outward semblance of joy and to join the festive *agape* of his landlord for the time being, or who failed to address his table-fellows and their spouses with just the right and nice degree of familiarity. It was quick work for the tale-bearers to denounce the *ci-devant* at the neighboring *section* and the public informer was not long in scrawling a warrant of arrest.

It must also be admitted that the practice of whining and sighing soon took the edge off any manliness, and the organized and determined system of ruffianism which then held the reins of power had to grapple with no opposition. Who could have resisted? Not only were the honest-minded people disunited and scattered, but they do not even appear to have wished to save themselves. Disgusted with the daily tale of horrors, and suffering from the lassitude begotten of fear, they seem only to have yearned to have the worst over and done. Many even wrote insulting letters to Fouquier Tinville the sinister, and signed them, too, well knowing that such a challenge was virtual suicide. Young women, very young women, leapt with joy on hearing their names called out as winners

The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

in the "lottery of Saint Guillotine." Even amongst those who did not go the actual length of wishing for their own destruction there existed an incredible moral impotence, an absolute inability to strike out in self-defence. André Chénier, the poet, who was decapitated in Thermidor, but who had at least whetted his tongue against the rabble horde, excellently characterizes the temper of the minority whom he compares to sheep driven to the shambles—

Quand au mouton bêlant la sombre
boucherie
Ouvre ses cavernes de mort
Pâtres, chiens et moutons, toute la
bergerie
Ne s'informe plus de son sort.

There is little room for doubt that in these poor wretches the instinct of self-preservation would have been aroused had they had for their natural leader some warlike Bourbon. But such a guiding strength had never been theirs even in the days when they were the majority. Louis XVI had made locks when it was imperative that he should rule with vigor and reconquer his dominion. His ancestor when he led his troops into battle sang with them in chorus the most spirited of soldierly refrains—

On va leur percer le flanc!
Que nous allons rire!

But Louis as he plied his tool could only hum the then fashionable ditty—

Ah, s'il est dans votre village,
Un berger sensible et charmant

An understanding of 1789 and 1793 is in great part to be sought in this moral decadence. The Monarchy had forsworn its military traditions, and France had found too pleasant entertainment in graceful whimpering!

Robert Lowmy.

THE FIVE HUNDRED.

It was the longest of trains, it was the most animated and most amazing of corridor expresses, that left London Bridge station for Folkestone harbor and the Channel shortly after eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-fifth of May. In the saloon carriage reserved for special newspaper correspondents and camera-laden photographers, M. Sire, the whitebearded but ever-youthful representative in London of the French Northern Railway, thus addressed the company: "I should like to say of this expedition to Paris that it is at once refreshing and unique. Unlike official visits—Royal, Parliamentary, or Municipal—its character is neither formal nor conventional; far less does there lurk in it a political significance. It is entirely spontaneous; it is wholly unsophisticated; it is innocence itself. In a word, it is human, it is poetical, it——." But here, a din of shrill, excited cheering—for which, needless to say, the blasé journalists and photographers were not responsible—interrupted M. Sire's discourse. The din came from without. And, on going to the window, I discovered the heads of children upon children thrust through the innumerable other windows of this interminable train. Not only heads, but hands and arms—and here and there, the best part of a body. And the cheers were being raised at the spectacle of a number of peasants at work in a green field: a sight rarely, if ever, beheld by this train full of small boys and girls from the back streets of Peckham and Tooting, Brixton and West Kensington, Greenwich and Woolwich. Also, from the County Council schools of those districts: five hundred Carries and Cissies and Gerties, and Georges and Jimmies and Willies, in all. Their destination—O, gracious goodness!—was the boule-

wards. Nor were they cheap Whitsuntide trippers, but the officially invited guests of the City of Paris, with a leading part to play in the International Musical Festival. Hence, the special corridor train. Hence, M. Sire's speech. Hence, the collection of cameras and journalists, and the formidable array of County Council "teachers," guides, and nurses, in attendance on dingiest London's obscure children:—hereafter to be termed collectively and importantly, the Five Hundred.

Only from France, the country of human sympathies and ideas, could such an "invitation" have been extended. On the other hand, only in England do there exist children dauntless and adventurous enough to face without a qualm an unknown people in an unfamiliar land. You could never persuade little René and Marguerite of Paris, nor young Hans and Hilda of Berlin, to come publicly to London: there would be tears, hysterics at the mere suggestion of such a thing. But our Carries and Cissies, and Georges and Jimmies, would embark for Anywhere at an hour's notice—and confront and endure the most embarrassing situations with admirable heroism. The sea—and her shocks and miseries, for instance. As the train bearing the Five Hundred steamed into Folkestone harbor station, what a cheer for the Channel! Out of the carriages jumped the children, and dividing themselves into groups, awaited the orders of their "teachers." Either a red or a white or a blue ribbon around the straw hats of the girls—so that, when assembled, they formed a symbol of the Tricolor. The boys in caps, again either blue or white or red: thus more homage to the French national colors. Then, knapsacks and military-looking water-bot-

tles (slung dashingly across them by a strap) for the Georges; and reticules and rush "pilgrim" baskets for the Carries and Cissies. A clapping of hands—the command to proceed—and the Five Hundred, now two abreast, passed gaily along the platform and across the gangway on to the boat. Down they trooped into the saloon, where they deposited their luggage. Up they came on to deck—and then did the girls tie handkerchiefs (motor-veil fashion) over their straw hats, whilst the boys performed gymnastics, clambered onto railings and funnels, and paid admiring homage to the sailors. But not for long. Behold the Channel becoming choppy, the Channel getting worse; and the Carries and Cissies staggering about and being taken below, and the Georges and Jimmies also disappearing, and the "teachers" and nurses consoling and soothing the Five Hundred. Still, in spite of its sufferings, it was an admirable Five Hundred. It neither cried out for mercy nor begged despairingly for death. And how rapidly, how astonishingly it recovered when informed that Boulogne harbor had been entered, and that it was time to line up on deck and make a favorable impression on the crowd assembled on the quays! There stood M. le Maire, with the entire Municipal Council assembled imposingly behind him. Prominent, too, was the Municipal Band—which struck up "God Save the King" the very moment the boat, after a last shudder, came to a standstill. After that, the "Marseillaise"; and next, the Five Hundred's very shrillest cheering. Of course, speeches and toasts and champagne in the buffet, where M. le Maire received the L.C.C. authorities. And whilst he discussed this unique Visit with elegance and charm, a group of Boulogne fisherwomen (in their best black dresses and starched, fan-shaped white caps) were presenting the chil-

dren with tricolor dolls, flags, paper flowers, and rosettes. Then a distribution of buns and cakes, an emptying of the military water-bottles and deep draughts of lemonade; and into another special train, en route—O, dear me!—to the boulevards. There were cheers for the French peasantry, French cattle, French cottages, French windmills. More cheers for the Amiens Cathedral, the vast, vulgar château of the Baron Gustave de Rothschild, the gas and electrical works of Crell, the grim chimneys of St. Denis. And what ringing, piercing cheers for the one and only Gare du Nord; where eighteen brand new motor omnibuses were in waiting to transport the flushed and dishevelled Five Hundred to their various school-residences in the outlying districts of Auteuil, Neuilly, Passy, and Mont-rouge! It was five o'clock, the "green hour"; and thus the obscure children of dingiest London saw Paris at the most animated and exhilarating time in the day. Hanging out of the omnibus windows, they cheered the crowded terraces of the boulevard cafés, the radiant Champs Elysées, the swift little steamers on the Seine, the students of the Latin Quarter; all the while waving their dolls and small Tricolor flags. Not a trace of apprehension as they trooped into their school-residences with their baskets, knapsacks, and water-bottles. The great doors closed to amidst the clamor of shrill voices and the shuffling of feet; and the admirable Five Hundred had both dined and been put to bed when, at nine o'clock, the International Musical Festival began with an explosion of fireworks, torchlight processions, and stirring military tattoos.

Mercy me, the state of Paris! No fewer than five hundred musical societies from all parts of the country had invaded the city, and taken possession of theatres and halls, public gar-

dens and squares, even of cafés and street corners. Here, a choir from Rheims. Over there, the brassiest of brass bands from Normandy and Brittany. Elsewhere, ear-splitting fanfares from primitive, remote villages. Farther on, a dozen lusty trumpeters. Then the wail of the flute, the crash of the cymbal, the boom of the drum—and every one of these multitudinous performers singing and playing his hardest and loudest. Naturally, cases of jealousy: which resulted in stormy scenes between Normans and Bretons, and in one of the remote Village Fanfares threatening to belabor an important Brass Band with its primitive instruments. Nor did the husky old barrel organs of Paris fail to come out, nor yet the street-singers with their harmoniums, violins, and harps; together with beggars, "strong men," wrestlers and roundabouts. Many were the Village Fanfares that got lost in dubious neighborhoods, and sought refuge in police-stations; many the Brass Bands that appealed in vain for accommodation and had to pass the night in the open; many the Choirs that completely lost their voices from excitement and fatigue. It was amidst all this chaos and din that the eighteen brand new motor omnibuses, containing London's Five Hundred, made what the French journalists termed "a sensational appearance." Never had Paris beheld such a charming collection of blonde little girls, never did small boys excite so much interest and admiration. It was the flaxen hair, it was the military water-bottles, that won the children their first enthusiastic ovation. Then were patriotic French hearts stirred by the tricolor ribbons and the small national flags, and the shrill constant cheering and the cries of "Vive la France," and the singing of the "Marseillaise" in the shade of the Bois de Boulogne. Sunday afternoon: and so all bourgeois Paris on show in

the Bois. M. Dupont smoking a tough demi-londres cigar: stout Mme. Dupont in black satin, white gloves, and a hellotrope bonnet: the little Duponts also installed in penny chairs, with orders not to leave them, lest they should stain their tight Sunday clothes. Then all of a sudden, the arrival of the Five Hundred; and (as they say in the Chamber) "mouvements" of the bourgeoisie. "Charmanes, les petites blondes," observed Mme. la Bourgeoise. "Tu vois, comme ils sont pratiques, les Anglais," remarked the husband, à propos of the water-bottles. Emotion of small René Dupont; of his little sister, Marguerite. Yes; what with the blondness of the Cissies and the gallant water-bottles of the Jimmies, the young Duponts of Paris there and then lost their hearts to the fair and heroic Five Hundred. And no wonder! Peckham swarmed up trees: Tooting bent down perilously over the edge of the lake: Brixton almost got splashed by the cascade: Woolwich was patted on the shoulder by an officer of the Legion of Honor: West Kensington (in the person of its blondest representative) was presented with a rose by an elegant lady who at the very least must have been a Marquise:—"Vas-y, vas-y," assented M. le Bourgeois, when, in spite of their Sunday clothes, little René and Marguerite begged leave to descend from their penny chairs and mix with the Five Hundred. Of course, awkwardness, embarrassment. "Monsieur," said René to Jimmy; "Madame," said Marguerite to Cissie: by way of introduction. "Bong jour," replied London. A twiddling of thumbs, a kicking of heels; heavy breathing, infinite blushing, sly, tentative smiles. "We'd better shake 'ands with them," suggested Peckham. "And after that show 'em the water-bottles." Then, a Cockney grip of the hand that made René and Marguerite start: then the tops of the water-bottles un-

screwed, and young bourgeois Paris staring (one after another) into their mysterious depths; then naïve French cries of "C'est beau, ça," and London exclamations of "Thought you'd like it—ought to get one yerself—they're the limit—but of course you don't understand wot I'm saying—never mind, we can't 'elp it": then a handkerchief exchanged sentimentally between the Boulevard Magenta and Sampson Street, Tooting:—and then the Five Hundred suddenly called upon by its teachers to give an impromptu rendering of the "Marsellaise." For, no singing figured in Sunday's official programme: it was at the special request of the before-mentioned Officer of the Legion of Honor, of Mme. la Marquise, of the bourgeoisie, that London's obscure children formed up into a square and chanted the French National Anthem. Shoulder to shoulder, they sang—time and tune both perfect; beating the air with their flags and the tricolor dolls; in their ardor, tossing back their blonde hair and shifting the straps of their water-bottles. . . . "Marchons, marchons! . . ." How the Bois echoed with the children's shrill, fervent voices! How belated Parisians came hastening up to the scene! What exclamations of "Bravo," and "Epatants, les petits Anglais," and "Bis, bis," when the Five Hundred had finished! But—more to follow: cries of "Vive la France" and the eternal shrill cheers; which increased the delight of the Parisians. Breaking the ranks of the Five Hundred, the Duponts and Durands congratulated, caressed, and embraced Peckham and Tooting. How did the Five Hundred like France? What did they think of French cooking? What had been the state of the "sinister" Channel? How were the fogs of "la vieille Angleterre?" All this, most rapidly, in French! Vague replies, therefore, of "Yes, mister," and "All right, thank

you, lady." Young René and small Marguerite edged nearer and nearer to Carrie and Jimmie. Solid Peckham hands were clasped by frail Paris hands—and more exchanges of handkerchiefs between the Back Streets of Tooting and Brixton and the Bourgeois Boulevards of Arago, Pasteur, and Magenta. A fondling of those gallant, military water-bottles on the part of small Marguerite and René. Audibly and indisputably, a Marguerite kissed by a Jimmie. Nor were Marguerite's parents shocked by the impropriety. "Oh, les blondes, they turn one's head!" exclaimed M. le Bourgeois. "When one is a child, it does not matter. But you, mon cher Hippolyte, are too old to become sentimental over blondes—leave that to your son," snapped Mme. la Bourgeoise: who was swarthy. It is possible that the René and Marguerites, and the Edouards and Cissies, and the Georges and Yvonnees would have wandered away into the depths of the Bois, and there have planned elopements to "la vieille Angleterre"—had not the L.C.C. authorities called upon the Five Hundred to return to their motor omnibuses. Dolls, caps, and flags held up in the air by London's children, as they marched two abreast through the wood to their vehicles. Gloom of René and Marguerite, when the Five Hundred had disappeared. Questions of, When shall we see them again? When may we invite them to tea? When are you going to give me a water-bottle? Why should English boys carry water-bottles and French boys have none? Why should little English girls be allowed to—? "Là paix," cried M. le Bourgeois. "It is Sunday and we are in the Bois—so be correct," Mme. Dupont commanded, both of her husband and children. "But I want to see les petits Anglais again," sobbed Marguerite: "I *must* have a water-bottle," declared René. So—with their children dissatisfied, rebel-

lions—the Duponts made their long way home to Arago, Pasteur, and Magenta. En route, glimpses of the Five Hundred; whose progress in the motor omnibuses had been impeded by the swarms of Brass Bands and Village Fanfares. "There they are again," shouted Marguerite and René. Yes: there they were, always cheering, always waving their tricolor presents, always (as a Peckhamite shouted out of the window) "always merry and bright." Alas, for the important Brass Bands and those remote Village Fanfares, and for all the rest of the 500 vocal and instrumental societies come to Paris! They were eclipsed by London's Five Hundred. They were ordered by the fierce, nervous little Paris policemen to "stand back and keep quiet." When they protested, threats of arrest. What were they doing there, except making a bear-garden of Paris? Stand back—stand back—for the motor omnibuses of the Five Hundred! Way for the Blondes and the Water-bottles! Place for the English gosses who had crossed the "sinister" Channel to sing, in Paris, the "Marseillaise"! And they sang it again, shrilly, from the windows of the omnibuses: whilst the Brass Bands and Village Fanfares "stood back"—humiliated, ignored.

Impossible, however, to record all the cheers, all the doings and adventures of the Five Hundred, during its three and a half days' sojourn in Paris.

It went up the Seine on those swift, darting steamboats, to St. Cloud. It went, with its military water-bottles, to the tomb of Napoleon: and stared down admiringly upon the massive chocolate-colored sarcophagus, and the groups of dim, tattered flags. It went to the Louvre: and was more or less impressed by the gorgeous statue of the Victory; but was confused and embarrassed by the armless state of

the Venus de Milo—"becos you can't do nothing if you ain't got any arms, and that's a cert. Any'ow, like that, she don't look like a liddy—but she's got a room all to 'erself—and per'aps she was orl right in her time. . . ." It went to Notre Dame, in the twilight: and there the Five Hundred beheld, whilst passing up the aisles, candles flickering at the side-altars, for the souls of the departed; bent, bowed-down figures at prayer or in abject contemplation; splashes of color cast, here, there, everywhere, from the multitudinous stained-glass windows; and then beheld a bare, deal coffin borne hurriedly through the Cathedral by four dingy croque-morts—a pauper's dismal funeral: shades of the back streets of Peckham and Tooting! . . . But the Five Hundred went out into Paris again—always cheering. They were the guests of the City of Paris: and thus had polite and official duties to perform. So they cheered, and sang the "Marseillaise" wherever they went:—and eventually, on the vast stage of the Châtelet theatre; where the judges of the International Musical Festival were assembled: the Five Hundred were awarded prizes for their rendering of "Charley is My Darling," the Seventeenth Century madrigal "How Merrily We Live!" and—above all—the "Marseillaise."

I fancy that by now, the third and last day of the Musical Festival, the Brass Bands and Village Fanfares could not bear the sight of the Five Hundred. After the innumerable competitions at the Châtelet, the "societies" drove about in a char-à-bancs and cabs with their instruments—but again and again did they meet those eighteen brand new omnibuses, and suffer the indignity of being "held up" against kerbstones so that triumphant Peckham and Tooting might pass. In fact, the Blondes and the Water-bottles had become *the* sight of Paris. Their

fame had spread to the heights of La Villette and to those vague, desolate neighborhoods at the foot of the fortifications. Even Messieurs les Apaches—the "Terror of Montparno," "Zizi the Red," "Alexandre the Green-eyed"—and Mdles. their accomplices: "Henriette the Pale" and "Ernestine the Hollow-faced"—made a point of taking a look at "les gosses." Amongst all those thousands of "musical" competitors, only the Five Hundred (none of whom was younger than twelve or more elderly than fourteen) remained cheerful and fresh, and excited the admiration and sympathy of the Parisians—who had had more than enough of this desperate and delirious festival. "Yes: there's no doubt abaht it—We're It, that's wot we is," a Water-bottle told me. "Our faces in the papers. People wanting to kiss us. Wot they're going to do when we've gone, goodness only knows." Thus, immodesty, even "swelled head" of Peckham: but none the less the sheer truth. Most certainly, in Paris, the Five Hundred was "It." A rush upon the Tuilleries Gardens when it was rumored that London's children were to sing there—and something like a riot when the report proved to be false. Excitement on café terraces, enthusiasm at windows and in balconies, more enthusiasts standing on the benches of the boulevards and the Champs Elysées, when the now-familiar shrill Cockney cheers announced the approach of the Blondes and the Water-bottles. And, if further proof be required of the terrific popularity of the Five Hundred, behold, on the morning of the 29th May, the keepers of the vast, popular Paris bazaars selling their goods to Peckham and Tooting at cost price. And behold, a few hours later, an enormous crowd assembled outside the Gare du Nord—and platform No. 1, and the engine of the special train drawn up alongside of it, decorated lavishly with

the English and French flags. A triumphant departure! How the spectators outside the station cheered when London's children shook hands with, and said good-bye to, the motor omnibus drivers—and a chauffeur embraced one of the blondes! A last answering shrill cheer from the Five Hundred: Way for Peckham and Tooting: and—yes—Out of the Way with a Band and a Village Fanfare, burdened with brassy instruments and frantic to discover their own particular platforms. But their own platforms, their own slow and common old trains, didn't count. Only the decorated platform and the "special" corridor express of the Five Hundred were of importance. Stand back and—"fichez-moi la paix!" thus crowning, supreme humiliation of the Brass Bands and Fanfares.

So, back to dingiest London, and obscurity. Past Crell and Amlens' Cathedral, past French peasantry, cows, and cottages once again—but in different, adverse circumstances. Paris far behind: the back streets of Peckham and Tooting ahead. No more wonderful French soup; those equally wonderful Gallic stews but a memory; the vast, comfortable dormitories in the Paris school-residences—a dream; the eighteen brand new motor omnibuses terrific things of the past;—no longer was one "It." However, souvenirs remained—all those multitudinous articles acquired that morning in the Paris bazaars at cost (I believe, at less than cost) price. But the souvenirs the Five Hundred had not bought for themselves—but for their mothers and fathers, and sisters and brothers, of those dingy and tragical streets in obscure London. As the train dashed along, the Jimmies and Georges (in whose compartment I travelled) produced from their pockets shaving brushes, tobacco pouches, cork-screws, ash trays, braces—"for Dad": pin-cushions, hair-nets, thimbles, and—yes—

bottles of eau de Cologne for "muvver": picture-postcards, sweets, and ribbons for their sisters, and pen-knives and whistles and pocket-books for their brothers. They were proud of their purchases: Peckham's ladies perfumed with eau de Cologne, "Dad" in his shirt-sleeves on Sunday, with a new pair of braces! But the grim fact remained, one was no longer "It." No Mayor, no Municipal Council and Band at Boulogne. But, as a compensation, the Channel was calm; and the stewards in the boat's first-class dining saloon literally gave away handsome, huge apples at a penny apiece, and obligingly changed the few remaining French sous of the Five Hundred into England's own coppers. At Folkestone, however, a band and an ovation. It was to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" that the steamer took up her moorings. Then the "Marseillaise," and "God Save the King," and cheers from the crowd assembled on the pier—to which the children always cordially and shrilly responded. England, once again: and thick slices of bread and butter, slabs of yellow seed cake handed into the children's compartments before the train left for London. . . . All over! Eight o'clock, Wednesday night, the 29th May—and the end. Wistfulness and sadness of the Cissies and Carries: apprehension and gloom of the Jimmies and Georges. The blonde

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hair limp, out of curl; the water-bottles discarded—even kicked beneath the seat. How the train shook and swayed, what steamy, ear-splitting shrieks from the engine, as the Five Hundred returned to dingiest London! All over: the end of it all: nothing but memories: no longer "It." One had become plain, obscure Carrie and Jimmy again. Already, out of the windows and through the darkness of the night, one could discern a shadowy clothes'-line stretched across a bit of back garden; rows of brick houses; candles burning behind the mean windows of musty, ill-kept little rooms. Then, as the train dashed mercilessly onwards, the glare of public houses; that cast light upon loafers with clay pipes, bloated, monstrous women in shawls, barrows of winkles and wheelks, the pawnbroker's sign. The end of it all! It was back to realities after freedom and exhilaration. It was back to side streets and inky school-rooms, to sharp words and coarse food, perhaps to threats, blows, and tears. But, when the very End of It All was reached at London Bridge Station, the Five Hundred faced the future with characteristic resolution and courage. There, on the platform, with its baskets, knapsacks, and water-bottles; there, with so much to look back upon and so little to look forward to—the Five Hundred shrilly and heroically sang, "Home, Sweet Home."

John F. Macdonald.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

The letter had reached Petrie that morning; it stood, now, propped before him on the breakfast-table, re-read, drunk in, absorbed a dozen pride-fostering, fibre-stirring, glorious, triumphant times. The thing that, deep down in his heart, he wanted more than anything else in the world had

come to him at last—was his, to-day, for the taking, in this, the eleventh hour.

He had been asked to play for the county—the county—for Kent—for the blue-capped, white-horse-crested, sporting Saxon shire. And he was over thirty and had been neither to University nor

Public School. No reputation earned in time of teens and twenties had been his to help. He had been at a despised Black-heath day-school, out of which great cricketers do not come. Petrie was a made bowler, not a born one. His swerve, outvying Hirst's swerve, was the fruit of practice, solid and long-sustained. Its deadliness Bickley knew, and Beckenham and Eltham, and a host of Kentish clubs. Now first-class cricket would know it, —and he would play for his county on his native Rectory Field.

On the Rectory Field, that battleground of heroes present, bygone, and to come—the *terrain* where, in boyhood, he had seen Grace bat and Lohmann bowl, and Stoddart, the prince of football, score innumerable tries.

A small success, a mean ideal, a little thing in the greater field, in the wider battle-ground of pulsing life? Perhaps. Yet something, surely, to have labored and achieved, to be able to drink, at last, delight of battle with his new-found, welcoming peers. From duty and service, given whole-heartedly, even in the cause of sport, something, always, the giver saves and keeps. Petrie had kept physical fitness, dogged application to his daily work, and the instinct for playing the game cleanly in life as upon the pavilioned field.

So, then, the letter, the invitation to represent his county, was the crown of labor according to lights. No wonder that his eyes feasted on it, that he sat there hugging the honor which had come to him, so unexpectedly, at last.

But banks—even the Bank of England, which is almost a Government office—do not wait for their clerks. Petrie, folding the letter tenderly, put it into his pocket and rose. He rang the bell. The maid entered almost at once.

"How is my mother this morning?" he asked. "Have you taken her breakfast up?"

"Yes, Mr. Malcolm. The mistress is not very well to-day. She's had rather a bad night. She asked me to tell you that she was going to try to get a little sleep, and would you please not go up to her, if you didn't mind."

Petrie's face fell.

"Thank you, Mary," he said. And then, to himself, as the maid went out, "Poor old mater, I'm afraid she's getting quite lazy. She's always having breakfast in bed nowadays. But, hang it all, what a pity she can't see me! I did want to tell her first!"

In another minute he had gone down the villa's little path and was striding stationwards along the Shooters' Hill Road. Soon he was out of the roadway, on to the ancient, grass-clad heath. On the right, above Greenwich Park's red wall, the trees towered up, showing green and full-leaved in the fine cool clearness of that morning in mid-June. Before him the dip to the pond in which he had launched frail craft with his nurse's aid; beyond the pond the Paragon, and, past Montpellier Hill, the spire of All Saints' Church, stabbing the cloudless sky. And, behind him now, a little to the left, under the shelter of St. Germain's Chapel, the plot that had once been his preparatory school's cricket-ground—on which he had learned the rudiments of the game of games. It was at this that he looked incessantly as he drew village-wards, turning again and again. And memories of matches, of deeds done in battle against a certain rival school, came to him, singing each its song of pride. High-hearted and elate, he passed the pond, went up Montpellier Hill, then, casting one final glance at the pitch in the chapel's shade, passed down into Blackheath Village and through the station hall.

There he bought a "Sportsman"—with a new thrill of pride. He bought it daily; but it held an added pleasure now. It was an earnest of splendid

things to come, of the days when he would see his own name there, among names that were household words in the world of sport.

He hurried down the steps and walked on air towards a train that waited in a bay. Two men hailed him as he went.

"Hullo, Petrie. You rattled Beckenham out all right on Saturday. How many wickets was it? Seven or eight?"

"And a ripping good knock you took afterwards, by Jove. That window in the Pav. you smashed with a square-leg hit.—Who pays for it? You or the club?"

Petrie laughed happily.

"The club, of course. Hang it all, it wasn't my fault. If they *will* bowl a chap half-volleys six inches outside the leg stump, what can you expect?"

Then, as the others paused before a first-class carriage, he nodded and passed on. "So long," he said. "See you some evening at the nets." And, going further up the platform, he entered a second-class carriage and sat down. He opened his "Sportsman"—but the paper stayed un-read.

People got in—people, happily, as he felt it, Petrie did not know. At Lewisham, St. John's, New Cross, others came in. But Petrie did not heed them—he hardly noticed the train pull up and go on. Between New Cross and Cannon Street, to the wheels' mad music, his brain sang to him its high and triumphing song—the song that each man who has compassed his heart's desire hears once at least in his little life.

"I am going to play for the county, the county, the county—on the 'Field'—the Rectory Field."

Such was the song's burden—sung by the brain of him to the vamping wheels. At Cannon Street he descended in a dream, slipped through Walbrook, crossed Cheapside by the

Mansion House, and entered the sombre building in Threadneedle Street, going to the secretarial offices, where his duty lay.

"Has the chief come?" he asked a colleague.

The answer was in the affirmative. Petrie put his hat and stick into a cupboard; then went out of the room into a room beyond.

"Good morning, Petrie," said the man in the chair.

"Good morning, sir. I should like to speak to you if I may."

"By all means, my boy. What is it?" And the chief rose, stood striding the hearthrug, back to the empty fire. He was a bachelor, tall, florid, well-preserved, an old Rugby International between whom and Petrie—like calling to like—a strong, an ever-increasing sympathy existed, good both for underling and for the man who ruled.

"You told me once, sir, that if—that if ever I was asked—if ever I got a chance of playing for Kent you would see that I got leave. . . ."

There was no need for Petrie to say more. The other put out his hand. His clerk's hand met it, gripped it, held it hard.

"They've asked you! Jove, I am glad, Petrie. Of course you can get off. I'll see to that. When do you want to go?"

"On the first, sir. For the full three weeks. There's the northern tour, then a week at Tunbridge, and after that Surrey at Blackheath."

"The Rectory Field. Your own hunting-ground. The Rectory Field. . . ."

His chief stopped short. Old hours were glimpsing on to him, old faces, old battles when youth was hot and muscle hard, and knees, good now for golf only, were very supple and strong. And he saw himself lying behind the goal-posts, hanging on to a ball that two Welsh forwards held—in the an-

cient days of the maul. And in his ears sounded the noise of thousands shouting their encouragement, so that the stir of it drove him to one great effort which wrung the ball from the Welshmen's grasp and he rolled upon it, making good the try that won, for England, the game. And after that the walking back to mid-field again while men clamored their exultation and women in the tin-roofed, many-tiered stand waved handkerchiefs and cheered. The little things men care about make sentimentalists of them all. Which explains, perhaps, why Petrie's chief found words come to him with desperate difficulty now. When he did speak it was with body turned deskwards and with half-averted face.

"You may regard it as settled," he said sharply, almost austerely. "I will put it through at once. Cut along and get on with those returns."

Petrie stared, dumbfounded at the strange harsh tones. Then he understood. The old man was as pleased as Punch, but the news had brought his own memories crowding uncontrollably back. To-morrow—to-day, perhaps, after lunch—Gordon would send for him, would talk about it and about . . . Now he wanted to be left alone. Just that.

"Thank you, sir. Thank you very much."

And Petrie, who had come into his kingdom, had gone. The "old man," whose kingdom knew him no more, save only as the veriest shadow of a name, sat staring at the map-hung wall. He was thinking of a red-plush, silver-tasselled, rose-crested cap that topped a cherished photograph in a certain Richmond room.

After lunch he sent for Petrie—cynical as he had been sentimental before.

"I've arranged things all right," he said. "I shall get young Brocklehurst to devil for me while you're away.

He'll make an awful mess of things, of course, and you'll have to buckle to when you come back, I can tell you. Perhaps you'll feel like work when you've made a blob or two and been hit all over Old Trafford and Bramall Lane and Trent Bridge and the rest. I shall come and see Surrey have a go at you when the Blackheath match comes along. You won't hustle Hobbs and Hayward out as you hustled out Eltham the other day. County cricket's a mighty different thing!"

He pulled up short, laughed, and turned to the papers on his desk.

"Now for work," he said. "Got your note-book? Right! Take these letters down. I want them ready for signature to-day."

He began to dictate at a high rate of speed. He was as efficient as any man in the building, and when people complimented him upon the way in which he got through his correspondence he would say, stoutly, that there was no such business training as sustained, solid, first-class play.

When, at last, Petrie rose and walked doorwards with his sheaf of notes, old Gordon called him back.

"By the way," he said carelessly. "If you do happen to come off these next three weeks and they should ask you to play at Canterbury in August—mind, I don't say they will, because the competition's red-hot and a host of people have claims—I'll ask the secretary to give you another week."

Petrie opened his mouth to speak. Old Gordon cut him short.

"That's all right," he interrupted. "Dash along and get those letters done. And when you go on tour bowl like blazes and rip the Northerners out!"

Petrie went back to his own room, sat down, uncovered his typewriter, and made ready for work. But work did not come easily now. Old Gordon had made it hard—desperately hard.

Canterbury—the Kentish Mecca. Oh! if it ever came—would it ever come—to that! Five minutes passed; ten; fifteen. Petrie, realizing his folly, dashed into strenuous work.

When the letters were finished he took them into his chief's room. Gordon was out—with the secretary—might not be back for an hour. Petrie left his papers; returned to his desk. He was not sent for again. At five o'clock he took hat and stick and walked station-wards once more.

Talking to Gordon had cleared the atmosphere; all was settled now, save the baser, more material things. There were ways and means to be considered—new clothes, new flannels, small but, for him, costly importances to be acquired. And they were poor, Petrie and his mother, quite poor: he with his bare salary and she with a trivial hundred pounds a year. Petrie *père* had been a Government servant who had died young. For his son's schooling Petrie *mère* had paid. She had painted fans, had written stories—poor stories, even as poor stories go. "Home Drive!" and the like had given her hospitality, had paid her indifferently, as, indeed, her trivial, formless output had deserved. But she had given duty and service and had compassed that to which she had set her most steadfast hand. Malcolm had had his education, had got a billet which, though small, was sure. She had exhausted her slender store of ideas; but that did not matter now. They were out of the wood; they had enough, with care, for their needs.

Petrie took out a pocket-book, jotted down the things which clamored to be bought. The result was satisfactory. Yes, he could manage well enough. There had been foreign loans that winter, and they had brought good over-time in their train. He had twenty pounds in the savings bank—and the

county paid expenses of hotel and rail. Light-hearted and reassured, he jumped from the foot-rail at Blackbeath Station and ran up the sloping corridor into the cab-studded road.

"By Jove, my bag's at the club," he thought. "I can get it and take it along on the 'bus." And he hurried down Bennett Park to the big, red-brick, Tudor-fashioned building at the *cul-de-sac's* end.

He pushed open the swing-doors, going into the red-tiled hall. There was a big chesterfield in front of the empty fire-place, and on and about it was a group of men. They gave him cheery greeting forthwith.

"Hullo, Petrie," said one of them. "Have a drink?"

Petrie shook his head. "If you don't mind, I don't think I will," he said.

"What's the good of asking him?" said another man. "He's in training, Morrison. Doesn't drink between meals, and only drinks water then. That's the worst of these keen sportsmen. They take themselves so dashed seriously, don't you know?"

There was a laugh; then a question from a man lounging on the chesterfield's arm.

"How's the cricket going, Petrie? Any news?"

Petrie hesitated, playing with his reply. He had meant to tell his mother before anyone save old Gordon, whom, for other reasons, he had had to tell at once. Yet he could keep silent no longer; the news was too big, too splendid—he had, he simply *had* to let it out.

"Oh, well, there is something to tell you," he began. "As a matter of fact, I . . ."

But, as he spoke, the reading-room door opened, and a man came into the hall, frock-coated, long-whiskered, genial-faced. He was the doctor with the biggest practice in the suburb—a man to whom Petrie owed his nom-

ination for the Bank—a friend of his father who had helped Petrie's mother with good counsel and kind encouragement and who, like so many of his cloth (that mischief-making, miscalled "moderns" scoff at) had refused to accept payment for many, many professional visits in the Petries' hour of need.

"Ah, it is you, Malcolm," he said, as the bank-clerk broke off and turned round. "I thought I heard your voice in the hall. I want to have a chat with you. Can you spare a minute or two now?"

Petrie stared.

"Of course, doctor. What is it? Will it do here?"

Doctor Custance shook his head; and there was a curious note of gruffness in his voice.

"Well, not altogether. Better come along to the committee-room, I think."

He turned and went up the staircase at the back of the wide hall. Petrie followed—with the same sinking feeling that he had known in boyhood on the morning of his preparatory school's sports. "It's the mater," he thought. "Something's the matter with her. My God, is she dead?"

Down in the hall they had begun to talk of him already.

"Sound chap, Petrie," said one of them. "Awful sound chap."

"Dashed good cricketer," said another. "By rights he ought to have played for the county years ago."

"So he would have done if he'd been a Blue. Or even if he'd gone to a decent school. But that blessed 'Gram's' against him. It's never turned out a first-class cricketer yet. Reputation and a good kick-off count for more than anything in the sporting world."

"And in most other places, too. All the same, it's rough luck on the chap. We all know that he can bowl!"

"What's Kent done to-day. Anyone know?"

"Two-fifty odd for three—Hutchings and Woolley both undefeated. Pretty hot start—but then Somerset are a rotten side this year."

The talk drifted to the doings of the sporting county for which even the scoffer at athletic things has, in his heart, a tender place.

Meantime, up in the committee-room, standing, too agitated to sit, the bank-clerk was voicing his dread.

"The mater; the mater. Has anything happened to her. Tell me quickly. I must know."

Doctor Custance, standing beside him, patted him gently on the back.

"It's all right, my boy—quite all right. Nothing's happened to your mother—nothing serious, at least. But she's got rheumatism rather badly, in rather a bad sort of way. Incipient rheumatoid arthritis—you won't know what that is, though. A sort of swelling of the joints that needs treatment if it isn't to get worse."

"If she isn't to become a cripple," Petrie, dry-tongued, managed to blurt.

"Well, that's about the size of it. But treatment—proper treatment—ought to stave it off. Only the thing must be taken in time, you see."

"I see," said Petrie slowly. He was beginning to see other things too.

"And this treatment . . . how does one get it—where does one go?"

"Droitwich: the dullest possible little spa in the universe. But the waters are wonderful. For arthritis nothing comes near them. And it's near London and not too expensive—though, of course, none of these places are cheap."

"I see," said Petrie again. And then: "For how long ought she to go?"

"For three weeks at the least. And she mustn't go alone."

"Why not?"

"Because she isn't fit to; because

of the depression that the baths induce. She must be kept cheered; that's absolutely essential to the cure. She insists she can't afford to go at all. I insist that she must. She's adamant. So am I. What are we going to do?"

If Petrie had belonged to the self-analyzing classes, he would have seen the drama of it, his agony would have been self-nourished, long-drawn-out, sustained. As he was a sane, healthy-minded person in the pinkest of condition, his agony took a different, infinitely shorter, form. He could hug happiness, but was, happily, incapable of grubbing among the roots of despair. He experienced, then, just such a sensation as a man may know who, far from all anaesthetics, has his finger severed by some heavy, razor-sharp, sportsman's knife. There was a minute of agony, blinding, terrific, fierce. Then he was himself again. Normal to the fibres of him, he had neither winced nor cried aloud. He only knew that he must play the game, that he must range himself on the side which had, upon him, the greater, the prior claim. His decision was taken; and by that decision he would abide.

"Do?" he asked simply. "Why, I must take her along, that's all. As luck has it, I'm not broke just now. I've got quite a few pennies lying by."

The doctor nodded, obviously pleased.

"Yes," he said. "That's the best possible thing. In fact, it was my idea all the time. But I didn't like to suggest it to you because of the cricket season, and all that. It's awful rough luck on you, Malcolm, but honestly I think you ought to go."

"Yes, I suppose one owes one's mother something," said Petrie quietly. "And I don't know that I'm as keen on cricket as I was."

There was a pause. The doctor stood looking at the bank-clerk, side-long, under his brows. There had

been something in the last sentence which had failed to ring quite true. And again, with an affectionate impulse, he patted his *protégé* on the back.

"How soon can you go, Malcolm?" he asked. "The sooner the better, of course. I'm rather uneasy, you see. Your mother played the deuce with her constitution when she worked so hard to keep things going and had to economize in coal. She's in quite a low state now. And one doesn't want the arthritis to get too strong a hold."

Petrie half-smiled.

"Will Saturday week do? I can get away then."

"Splendid! But are you sure you can get leave so soon?"

"Quite sure. There'll be no difficulty at all. In fact, you may take it that it's as good as arranged."

Doctor Custance dropped into a chair.

"Excellent," he said. "Excellent indeed. I'm immensely relieved. The baths are sure to do your mother any amount of good—though I'm afraid if she's to get permanent relief she'll have to go every year now."

"Every year!" Again the sharp, knife-like minute of agony; but, this time, not blinding, only terrific and fierce. "Every year!" The faint, far-off hope that (almost without his being conscious of it) the healthy brain and body of him had, in spite of everything, kept quick, was blown out, was inexorably extinguished by the bleak and gusty truth. "Every year!" Then the dream of his life—the thing that he had wanted more than anything else in the world, could never, so long as he lived, come true.

"I see. Every year. Well, it can be managed, no doubt. One always has one's leave, you know."

Again the doctor nodded, looking curiously at the man whose dreams he had compelled to stay dreams for a whole life through. And he divined

that beneath the ready acquiescence something deeper, something, indeed, of tragedy, eluded him and lay hid. He hesitated; then, wise from much experience, held his peace. The boy would miss his cricket? Well, he supposed he would. But there was such a thing as taking games too seriously, and sympathy, he thought, would be foolish; in fact, misplaced. So he swung off into another and easier path.

"Very well, then, Malcolm. Saturday week. You'll take your mother down in the afternoon. Paddington's the station; the journey's about two hours. In the meantime I'll write to a doctor I know there and ask him to recommend some rooms. They stick you so terribly at the hotels."

"Thanks very much," said Petrie. "That's all, doctor, then?"

"Yes. I think so." Doctor Custance turned to the door, went out on to the landing, looked casually at a recently presented print, and walked slowly down the stairs. Petrie followed. The red-tiled hall was empty of men.

"A small drink, Malcolm?" said Doctor Custance. "It won't do you any harm!"

"No—a large one, please," answered Petrie. "And a cigarette, if you've got one to spare."

The other stared, then extended his cigarette-case, after that rang the bell. Presently Petrie, a large whisky-and-soda in hand, was sitting back on the big chesterfield, inhaling hard. The doctor watched him still more curiously. Something — something he couldn't fathom—lay at the back of this.

Presently Petrie leaned forward and spoke.

"Tell me some more about this Droltwich of yours, doctor," he said. "What sort of place is it when one gets there? And where, precisely, is it, at that?"

Doctor Custance explained—at some length—watching Petrie hard all the while.

"I see," said the bank-clerk. "Well, I must be dashing along now. The mater'll want to know where I am. Good-bye, doctor, and thanks, no end. I'm awfully glad you're making the mater go. She's tremendous faith in you, though she pretends that there's nothing the matter with her at all."

He jumped up, took his hat and stick, walked across the hall, then hesitated, remembering the cricket-bag which had brought him into the club. Then, going forward again, he opened the swing doors, ran lightly down the steps. The doctor, tumbler in hand, stood staring at the doors as they swung.

"There's a girl—I'm sure of it—but after all the boy's going to Droltwich with his mother—and, well, we all of us come to it in time!"

But Malcolm—who cared nothing for women, but yet was sacrificing to one woman all his heart's desire—was hurrying home, running almost, across the heath. The air was breezeless; it was as hot as it had, that morning, been cool. The perspiration poured off him, but he did not know it. He looked neither to right nor left. He dared not, he simply dared not lift his head. For, nearly facing him, lay the battle-ground of old time, whereon he had learned his cricket in St. Germain's chapel's shade. He wanted to get home; only that. He was going to make amends for his blindness, he was going to play the game. He did not want to poke about, but to score rapidly, to get as quickly as possible to work.

At last he left the grass and entered the long straight road that leads upwards to the wood-crested Shooter's Hill where once highwaymen harried and whence Byron made Don Juan see, for the first time, the church of Paul

the Apostle, with its "huge dun cupola," topping the Empire city "like a foolscap crown." Ten minutes later he was before the little mid-Victorian villa where he had lived with his mother these last twenty-odd years.

He opened the door with his latch-key and ran through the hall. In the tiny drawing-room, on a certain hard-upholstered mahogany-framed sofa, his mother was lying, wrapped in shawl and rug. She strove to get up. Malcolm pushed her gently back.

"Mummie, if you dare!" he said, kissing her. "Lie quiet and be good. Or I shan't take you to Droitwich with me next week."

The little woman, peaked and drawn of aspect, but of heart most warm and mothering still, put out a protesting hand. Petrie caught it in his own, marking, with a pang, the swollen joints that he had so often seen, but whose true significance he had failed so foolishly, so selfishly, as he now felt it, to understand.

"You're not to take me, Malcolm. I won't have it. We can't afford it. You've to stay here and play cricket. Doctor Custance is making me out worse than I am."

"Mummie, I shall smack you if you talk like that. I shall go and fetch the blue slipper that you kept specially for me when I was bad. Of course I'm going to take you to Droitwich. I want to see it—lots. And as for affording it, why I've all that foreign loan overtime money lying in the bank."

His mother made one more protest—it was all that, in her physical weakness, she could manage to compass now.

"But your cricket, Malcs — your cricket. You're doing so well, too. This has been your very best year!"

Petrie bent over her, kissed her, whispered his splendid untruth:

"Mummie, shall I tell you a secret?

Cricket bores me. I'm sick of it—I'm dead stale. I've played cricket of some sort or another every holidays that I've had. I want a change—we both want one. I can take a bicycle and go about Worcestershire and look at old houses—and things like that."

Then, as he saw his mother would oppose him no more, he jumped quickly to his feet.

"Just a second, Mummie. I must go and wash and get on some other clothes. Then I'll come down and read to you—if you'll be good and stay quite still and not move from where you are."

Half a minute later he opened his bedroom door. He changed hurriedly, turned to go out. Then, suddenly, he went back to a little bookcase bureau beside his bed, lowered the flap of it, took pen and paper, and wrote. When he had finished he read over the written words. He fastened down the envelope, wrote the address. And in the act of it he remembered the chief who had contrived the leave for which he had asked.

"Poor old Gordon," he thought. "Poor old chap. He'll be sick, I know—awful sick. I believe at heart he was even keener than me."

He turned doorwards again, then stopped, his eye stayed by a bat-rack, full of bats. He walked, of instinct, across to it, took out one of them, swung it, making mimic strokes. Suddenly he realized the circumstances—knew, in a flash, the folly of what he did. With a little laugh, he replaced the bat, stood for a moment looking at it from the middle of the bare kamptulconed floor.

"Heigho!" he said presently. "Heigho!"

The exclamation meant many things. It meant, to Petrie, as much as it meant to the great statesman when he said, "Roll up the map. It will not be wanted these ten years!" Only in Pet-

rie's case the map was rolled up for as long as Petrie lived.

One morning, about a fortnight later, he was sitting in the gardens before the Brine Baths with a paper in his hand, listening—half-listening only—to the anæmic, under-instrumented band that scraped its out-of-date musical-play refrains to the waiting throng. His mother was having hot immersion within. In the gardens were people in various stages of rheumatism—all old or middle-aged, never a sign of youth about him or around. Petrie, bored to the point of extinction, depressed to distraction's nadir, pulled himself together with an effort and forced himself to read.

Presently he felt a hand on his shoulder, heard a cheery voice.

"Mornin'. Good day, isn't it? Just seen your mother again."

Petrie looked up. It was the physician to whom Doctor Custance had written and under whose care Mrs. Petrie had been placed.

"Ah, good morning—yes, quite a good day. How's my mother doing? Can you tell yet?"

"Oh, uncommon well, I think. But she mustn't overdo it, don't you know. Make her lie down immediately she gets back to her lodgings and, above all, don't let her get depressed."

Petrie smiled ruefully.

"I can promise the one," he said. "As for the other, I can only do my best."

The physician looked at him with keen, quizzical eyes.

"Then you don't find us gay here?" he asked, smiling in turn.

Petrie hesitated; then, as the other laughed aloud, he laughed frankly back.

"Well, not exactly riotous," he explained. "There isn't, is there, so awfully much to do!"

The other looked inexpressibly grave.

"My dear man," he said: "I've ham-

pered at 'em till I'm black in the face. There's no casino, no winter garden, no decent music, no anything at all. Except, of course, the Brine. That's incomparable, if you like."

He paused, looking at Petrie, sizing him carefully up.

"You're a cricketer," he ventured. "Isn't that the 'Incog' tie?"

"Yes," said Petrie, "it is."

"I thought as much. Well, look here, if you'd like some cricket let me know. There's no ground in Droitwich fit to play on, but at Worcester there's any amount. If you like I'll write to somebody and get you a game or two."

Petrie wavered, then stiffened, very suddenly, up.

"Oh, thanks very much," he said. "But I'm not very keen. I'm quite content to slack about. It's a change. I get lots of cricket at home."

He spoke coldly, the need to cloak his feelings making him almost rude. The physician noticed the change of tone—and resented it. After all, he had only meant to be polite.

"Just as you like," he said carelessly, "just as you like."

Then he threw out a commonplace before he turned away.

"Good score against Kent yesterday, I see. Their bowlers got collared at last. The old hands are a bit stale, I expect. Even the champion county wants some new blood now and then."

"Er—yes," agreed Petrie, icily. "I—er—suppose it does."

There was an awkward silence. The physician, a very quick-tempered, much overworked man, nodded, outwardly courteous, but furlous at heart.

"Good-day," he called, as he turned finally away.

"Good-day," said Petrie dully. "Good-day."

The doctor left the Brine Baths Gardens and passed into the grounds of a neighboring hotel. He had meant to make himself agreeable to a man

whose clean healthiness had quite attracted him; he had been snubbed, knew it, and did not like it at all.

"Young prig that," he thought. "Beastly young prig. And a slacker, too. If he can play cricket, why doesn't he go and do it instead of messing about down here?"

But, though he knew all about rheumatism, he knew very little about life—perhaps because he had had a bril-

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liant academical career and could set many letters after his name.

And his diagnosis, in this instance, was out of it—out of it altogether, and hopelessly wrong. Petrie, who had refused his overtures, whom, in consequence, he had thought a prig, had called a slacker, was, at that very moment, playing cricket—first-class cricket—playing it, as a matter of fact, quite hard.

Austin Philips.

WANTED: A BOYCOTT.

(One more protest against field-posters and sky-signs.)

Two things there are my spirit needs
To cure the city's killing blight—
Namely, the green of virgin meads
And "the large and thoughtful night."

Holy I count them, and the man
Who spoils their worship, impious brute,
On him I wish to place my ban
And the toe of my nailed boot.

And such is he who plants his bills
On Nature's carpet daisy-pied,
Crying aloud his instant pills
For the good of my inside;

And he, whose flaming letters prick
Across the stillly starlit sky,
Saying what beverage, well or sick,
It is best for me to buy.

And sooner would I perish thrice
Of any strange stomachic ill
Than once be doctored at the price
Of a sacrilegious pill.

And rather than with yon accursed
Consommé fill my vacant stoup,
I would elect to die of thirst
In a desert, void of soup.

Who joins my boycott? who enrolls
His name against these vandal hordes

That blotch the dark with blatant scrolls
And the fields with blistering boards?

From whisky, pickles, drugs and tea,
Here advertised as angels' fare,
Who will refrain and live with me
On the same stuff found elsewhere?

Dumb is the Law; Art pleads in vain;
But, once we close our purses tight,
Green earth shall come to her own again
And the stars get back their night.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

AMERICA OR THE PHILIPPINES?

"And our young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." It is good to dream a little; when we come to an end of our visions, we come to an end of our inspirations. Hard-headed, sceptic, materialist as we may appear to the world, we all have moments in which it is given us to see visions, to dream dreams. And the East is essentially a land of dreams and haunting visions; a glamour of romance hangs over it all, stealing from us, in greater or less degree, some of that prosaic practicability inborn in races of a colder clime.

So for white and black alike the East has its influence. It influences us surely, though perhaps imperceptibly and against the sterner will. However, the Americans did not come to the Philippines to dream; but to "do." Yet, we believe, they too had their dreams. At the back of all their schemes for the future of this country, beneath all those wise plans for its greater good, there was a beautiful vision, shall we say, an impossible dream? For are not dreams of this flimsy stuff, and does not their chief charm lie in the sheer impossibility of their fulfilment? So we say that the Americans when they took over the

Philippines dreamed an impossible dream of perfect equality, of changing the habits, outlook, thoughts and aspirations of the people they had come to govern, and transforming this race from a brown to a white one.

We all know the old saying about the leopard and his spots; we know, further, it is just as impossible for the brown man to change his skin for a white one; but something has been done effectively. He has been stirred from his ancient slumber, awakened to a sense of his own importance. The Americans have succeeded—wisely or not—in arousing that hitherto humble and subservient spirit to something like defiance and revolt.

Yet was this exactly what the governors of these Islands intended to do when they fostered in the hearts and minds of a susceptible people ideas of common brotherhood and pulisance? I cannot say. It is not often that you will get an American—or any other member of the dominating races—to own that he has made a mistake. I can only assert that the Filipino has been properly awakened; he no longer spends his days, at least, in dreaming only. He is eager to assert himself—to "do" likewise. It may be for those

dark nights of his he cherishes his own particular *sueno beatifico*—that vision engrafted into his pliable soul by the men who came into his land as protectors, but who, in the eyes of those who serve them, are fast assuming the character of aggressors and usurpers to be ousted from power.

This dream, I say, makes the poetry of the Filipinos' nights. It is the dream of their life to turn from these Islands those to whom they owe all they know of freedom. And they will not easily be satisfied now; it must be for them all or nothing. They demand no small honorarium—these things have been given with a bountiful hand; they require no trifling solatium for real or fancied ills, for slights or neglect; they ask no pretence of equality, but supremacy in their own land; absolute power—losing sight of all those vast improvements made in their city, the astonishing reduction in the death rate in their midst, the undoubted reforms in their sanitary and health departments, the bettering of their conditions, socially and morally, and the greater care taken for the protection of their goods, of life and limb. These things, apparently, they have no time to consider, neither can one honestly recall a single instance of any evidence of gratitude on the part of the Filipino for such favors conferred. They have no place in their mind for aught but one vast consideration, one all-absorbing project: the palm that is to be gained without labor, without—shall we say?—the right or power to hold it.

As at home in Old England those foolish ones of the weaker sex are crying out for a prize they would fain renounce were it vouchsafed to them to-morrow, so the Filipino, to-day, is demanding the great necessity of his life; independence and freedom. Freedom for what? To sink back into the old slough of incompetency, the old habits of ignorance and unhealthfulness? We

trust not. But the young Filipino, primed with newly-acquired wisdom, thinks he knows best what is best for himself. He no longer cares for the good of the land for which he professes such inordinate devotion. It may remain a dreary waste and he and his family may starve for lack of its proper cultivation, while he spends his time and his money boldly and fluently pleading his glorious cause in Press or in public. That thousands in these Islands during the last months have suffered severely from the recent scarcity of rice does not deter the young agitator from his purpose. In the columns of the local American Press the necessity for manual labor and for the cultivation of the land has been reiterated with untiring vigor.

Such warnings and such criticisms have fallen on stony ground. With a singular lack of pride or obligation the assistance offered by the Government during this crisis has been accepted; but without any obvious result in awakening in the hearts of the people a sense of their own indolence and sloth. As I have said, the Filipinos to-day are a nation of one idea. They want independence; nothing else under the sun can content them; and it is the Americans themselves who have instilled this drop of poison into their veins. How are they now going to cope with the mischief they have created? What steps are they going to take to satisfy the demands they have encouraged in the eager spirits they have professed to guide and teach; or how will they at this period quench the ardent flame of mistaken patriotism kindled by their own hand?

Let me confess that I firmly believe that were this demand proved once and for all to be for the present and future good of the Filipino, the Americans here and at home would be only too ready to accede to their request. But the great point is not whether the

Americans shall forfeit their rights to the Islands, but rather, whether they would be, at the present stage of its existence, justified in giving up a charge so arduous, so full of complications, and replete with responsibilities; whether they would be justified in standing aside at this juncture in the history of the Philippines and witnessing, as I believe they inevitably would witness—the ruin of all or much that has been done in the interests of the Archipelago. Again, do results prove that the Filipinos are ready for, or capable of, at the moment, self-government? These are grave questions; but
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it is the belief of the great majority of thoughtful and sincere Americans in the Islands that the Filipino to-day, or for many a long day, will not be capable of self-government. Yet how often we humans try to persuade ourselves that the easiest way is the right way out of our difficulties. For there is no doubt it would be easier for the Americans to withdraw from the Islands than to hold on to them—to cling tenaciously to a possession that has ceased to bring them any material advantage, or, I fear, much satisfaction to their pride.

Sydney M. English.
(Manila)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

It is different from any other afternoon; it has a different melancholy; as different from the dire and squalid gloom of Saturday afternoon as Sunday, which I always think of as showing a glossy black amid the spectroscopic of the days, is different from the pale yellow ochre of Saturday. The sense of Sunday will be one of the last things to die in a race that has sat under the shade of Puritanism, and even those people who have never observed the rites of any religion are subject to strange recurring qualms every seventh day, and will be pricked by the desire to do something on that day which is different from their ordinary occupations. It needs no bell or calendar to tell the Anglo-Saxon that it is Sunday; and even if he has forgotten it for the first few hours of the day, it will find him out towards three o'clock in the afternoon. On ships far out at sea, on the burning sands of the desert, on the wide African veldt, in trains storming across the continents, men are every week suddenly remembering that it is Sunday afternoon. I do not know how it may be with others, but with

me the sensation is a depressing one. In fact the whole week-end is a very dangerous time. Things which would be grasshoppers on Monday or Wednesday become burdens on Saturday or Sunday. The attack sets in with acute symptoms early on Saturday afternoon, when in certain quarters of any town there is a change in the note of the traffic, a kind of empty resonance in which the dreadful clangor of the barrel-organ echoes unchecked. You remember that it is Saturday afternoon, and therefore a rest for hundreds of thousands of tolling people, and you ought to be happy at the thought; but somehow the thought does not make you happy. Then is the time that I am first threatened with panic. What am I doing this afternoon and this evening, and to-morrow afternoon and to-morrow evening? A chasm separates me from Monday, when the wheel of life will begin to turn again; and if no one has thrown a bridge for me across it I am certain to be engulfed.

That there is something universal in these symptoms is shown by the pains people have taken to relieve them; even

for people who do not go to church there remains the instinct to do something regularly on Sundays. Hence the Sunday concert, which for so many people fills the unconfessed but none the less uncomfortable gap left by a cessation of public devotional ceremonies. The audiences at the Queen's Hall and the Albert Hall on Sunday afternoons are not audiences so much as congregations. They have the demeanor of congregations, and they are congregations of a different religious persuasion. Queen's Hall is inclined to be High Church; the Albert Hall is undoubtedly Low Church; indeed, the appearance of the pavement outside after the concert is over, black with a multitude of respectable people who have finished digesting a heavy dinner and are going home to eat a heavy tea, is like that outside some vast temple of dissent. But there the analogy ends; the music inside is happily free from any taint of the atmosphere which it is meant to relieve; and for thousands of people in London there is at least one hour in which Sunday afternoon is robbed of its terrors.

Yet even here one is in continual danger of the black dog. The mere fact that one so often sits in a certain place on Sunday afternoon and hears certain music becomes dangerous for the music. What if one were to associate it definitely with Sunday afternoons? Its charm and beauty would be gone; it would merely call up in one's mind visions of the Albert Memorial or Langham Place, the frock coats that still seem to linger in the fashions of the Albert Hall congregations, and the unbridged gulf between now and Monday morning. But happily the music resists these dread influences, partly because at both concerts it is so extremely well chosen. I do not know whether they are aware of it, but the compilers of these programmes have an infinitely more difficult task than they

have when they make programmes for any other concerts. Are they aware of what they have to fight against? Does Sir Henry Wood ever say to himself, "This will do for Wednesday evening, but it will never do for Sunday afternoon"? Consciously or unconsciously, I think he must; because although his programmes have nearly always the spirit of afternoon, they never have the spirit of Sunday afternoon.

And what is this spirit? In my case, I am pretty sure that one reason for its depressing influence is that my childish memories of Sunday afternoon are chiefly memories of things forbidden. In the country especially, by the sea, my childish impression was generally that Sunday afternoon was a time terribly wasted. It seems always, moreover, to have been absurdly fine; the rain might pour or a gale blow on Saturday night or Monday morning, but the Sundays of my childhood seem always to have been of a superlative beauty, steeped in sunshine and stillness—days perfectly adapted for doing all the pleasant things forbidden on Sundays. I remember coming out of church and finding the tide brimming up to an unwonted height, the sea like glass, and the stones of the shore visible through the green water to a depth of several feet; the boats dreaming uselessly at their moorings, and all the little creeks and coves among the rocks, navigable only at high water of spring tides, perforce unvisited by my exploring keel. To Sunday afternoon also seems to belong that memory of the great heat stored up in the woodwork of a boat lying on the beach, and of the unwonted feeling of treading on the shifting pebbles on the beach in patent-leather Sunday shoes. The feeling, moreover, that a wet rope was a thing that might damage or soil one's clothes was a feeling entirely associated with Sunday. My further grudge against these summer Sundays of long

ago is that on those days I was a child ravished from my sea pursuits and forced to inland occupations; obliged to contemplate the flowers in walled gardens, and take walks over rolling turf and amid groves of trees from which not even a view of the sea could be obtained. Church I accepted as inevitable and (granted the necessity of going there at all) not without interests of its own; but the waste of the sunshine and the high tide out of doors was a thing that seemed unreasonable and unjustifiable. It is curious how false one's memory may be: for as in my recollection the Sundays were always fine, so was the tide always brim-high about one o'clock—a thing impossible in nature. And I remember no Sunday afternoon which had that empty feeling, caused by the tide being low and the shore ugly with misshapen and unfamiliar seaweeds, that made even the sea distasteful during week-day hours.

But I am grateful for the rule which obliged me to do different things on Sundays from what I did on other days. I cannot help thinking that the modern fashion of allowing children to do only what they like is a bad one: for there are many things which children are

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glad in after years to have done, which they would never do of their own choice and initiative. Among these, perhaps, the restrictions of Sunday and the apparent waste of its golden afternoons may be counted. Something still and shining hovers on the horizon of memory where they lie; something that punctuated and divided life, solemnly perhaps, but simply and not unhappily. I was reminded of it when I saw in a visitors' book in a little inn in Cornwall the verses in which Professor Blackie had sung the praises of Mary Munday's hospitality enjoyed by him in that little cottage inn that lies between Mullion Church and the sea: a place half hidden in the angle of the road, where the church dreams in a peace as of the eternal Sabbath, and no rumor or drift of spray from the shouting sea ever reaches the sheltered graveyard.

And I advise you all to hold
By the well-tried things that are good
and old,

Like this old house of Munday;
The old church and the old inn,
And the old way to depart from sin
By going to church on Sunday.

Certainly the Carlton and the Albert
Hall are poor substitutes.

Filson Young.

THE GREEK GENIUS.

The revival of Greek is one of the striking features of the present age. At a time which is restless in the whole field of thought, which is revolutionary in the application of thought to conduct, Greek influence is everywhere in the air. Fluid and elastic beyond all others, the Greek genius is the index to an epoch of flux; it retains across the centuries its astounding germinal force. It is a leaven working in the social and intellectual organism. Its action,

* *The Greek Genius and its Meaning to Us.* by R. W. Livingstone. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 6s.net.)

its application, are not merely indirect. It reinforces subtly but powerfully, at every point, the modern spirit of analysis, but its action does not stop there. For the Greek genius not only thought, but achieved; its achievement proceeded side by side with its thought, and it was, in the full sense of the word, creative. In Greek life, as at once the soil and the product of the Greek spirit, are sought answers to the new problems which confront mankind. The wisdom of the ancients, the phrase of a time when the world was just wak-

ing up to realize that it had a past and an inheritance, has taken a fresh meaning. With the advent of the twentieth century the world has ceased to feel old. It is abandoning, for loss and gain, the traditional ways; it is embarking, as though in a fresh youth, on voyages of discovery; it will leave nothing untried, it will set no limits to what is possible. In this spirit of a renewed childhood it turns eagerly back to the records of those early voyagers and discoverers. "Always children" as the Greeks were to the regard of the more massive empires which surrounded them—Egyptian, Persian, Roman—they were nevertheless the first to bring human life up to its full stature, or at least to grasp and anticipate its full possibilities. Their *elan vital* was unexampled, and it still retains its stimulating power; for not only did they see and state clearly the great problems of life; they faced them in practice, and they never succumbed to them or renounced them as insoluble.

This revival of Greek is nowhere more marked than among ourselves. England has shaken off the somnolent tradition of the nineteenth century, when great scholarship, as it was understood in the old formal sense, had almost ceased and the new world, with its fresh methods, enlarged interests, widened scope, had not yet broken in. Greek studies have been powerfully reinforced by the expansion of science. On all hands they find themselves in vital contact with the new sciences, with physiography and anthropology, with history and economics, above all with the master-science of politics in its largest sense. And not only so, but they have themselves been revitalized by the introduction into them of the scientific method which lies at the base of all the sciences. Among rather arid and inconclusive controversies about the position of Greek as a formal subject of education in schools and

Universities, Greek studies have quietly but assuredly taken their place as a factor of the first importance in the development of the social and intellectual life of the nation. Willamowitz-Moellendorf in Germany is the leading figure among the new Hellenists; largely under his impulse a school has been created here the influence of which passes far beyond the ranks of scholars; the leaven of Greek has struck out its fibres into the theatre and the market-place, into the efforts towards self-realization and self-education of the organized democracy, into the national thought and life.

The centre of this new Hellenism has been, more than elsewhere, in Oxford; and its prime mover has been, more than others, Mr. Gilbert Murray. The volume now before us is by one of his pupils, who has in it approached in his own way the task which the whole school of the new Hellenists have as a common aim. Their object is to re-discover and reinterpret Greece as a living force and in relation to actual problems, and these not merely linguistic or archaeological, but concerned intimately with thought, life, and conduct. Earlier scholars regarded scholarship partly, no doubt, (in the historic phrase) as a means of obtaining situations of dignity and emolument in this world if not even in the next, but mainly as an end in itself. The new school regard it not as an end, but as an instrument. With some, if not many, among them their real interest, their main work, lies in other fields; in philosophy, in politics, in art, in economics; or, more generally, in what is the task of each age, and of this age to a very marked degree, the readjustment of civilized life to new conditions and a new environment. But this does not detract from the value of their work in scholarship, while at the same time scholarship itself—a pursuit which always tends to

become devitalized and empty—owes much to the currents of fresh air which are thus directed upon it. We had recently occasion to notice Mr. A. E. Zimmern's brilliant work on the Greek Commonwealth as an instance of this revitalization of Greek studies. Mr. Livingstone's volume is larger, but less definite, in scope; it might seem ambitious, but that in truth the subject with which it deals lies at the threshold of Greek studies, although the finest scholarship and the fullest experience will never suffice wholly to compass it.

When I began to teach Latin and Greek a friend asked me what I supposed myself to have learnt from them, and what I was trying to teach others. This book was written as an attempt to answer the question, as far as Greek is concerned. . . . My intention has been to try and make the spirit of Greece alive for myself at the present day, to translate it, as far as I could, into modern language, and to trace its relationship to our own ways of thinking and feeling.

Such work has distinct and immediate value, not less in what it suggests than in what it effects. Instead of considering too minutely the actual conclusions at which it arrives, the actual picture which it presents, it will be more profitable to set forth the lines of the author's inquiry and his method of envisaging the Greek spirit. These will in themselves suggest certain general criticisms; but the value of the book, as Mr. Livingstone would be the first to acknowledge and to insist upon, lies very largely in the degree to which it provokes such criticism. He does not claim to be exhaustive; he even depreciates the claim to be convincing.

If I am not convincing, I shall at any rate be contentious, and educationally the second quality is perhaps more valuable than the first. On the same grounds I would excuse myself for having raised many questions which are

left half answered; the method may stimulate readers, if it does not satisfy them.

This statement may be fully accepted; only we must modify, in the light of it, the author's suggestion that the volume may serve as a general introduction to the study of Greek literature. As a companion, as a commentary, it may serve; but to Greek literature there can be no introduction; we must go to it direct and find it out for ourselves. It is for those who know Greek already that a book like this is really useful; for it not only tells us what one particular scholar and lover of literature thinks about Greek, but it makes us think, or re-think, about what Greek means to ourselves.

His aim, then, as defined in the introductory chapter, is to form and set out some idea of Hellenism, of "the achievement of Greece"—that is to say, of its spiritual achievement; and this mainly as it is shown in Greek literature. For further definition it will be best to quote his own words:—

I seem to find the Greek spirit at its purest in Homer, the lyric poets before 450, Herodotus and Aristophanes; in Sophocles and Thucydides, though otherwise unchanged, it has lost its first freshness; in Æschylus, Euripides, and Plato elements alien to it are present. In the fourth century a certain weariness, a sense of the complexity of life, impairs its energy in the thinkers, while the orators are dragged down by their audience to a conventional standard of thought, and have about them something of the political hack. After 336 B.C. free Athens is dead; Hellenism itself is middle-aged, and both for pleasure and profit we turn the pages a century back.

Nearly every clause in this statement is highly contentious; but it is not the less stimulating for that, and we must bear it in mind throughout the book as indicating the author's attitude towards his subject.

In his study of the Greek spirit or "genius" within the limits thus laid down Mr. Livingstone marks certain "notes" of Hellenism, to each of which a chapter is devoted. First comes the note of beauty, as a diffused characteristic of Greek life; not divorced from ordinary conduct by being made a separate pursuit, but to some degree excluding or inconsistent with the Christian sense of sin and the predominant interest assigned by Christianity (and by the later schools of Greek philosophy likewise) to the moral side of man's nature. Secondly, there is the note of freedom, both religious and political. This is worked out mainly in connection with two matters of profound and permanent interest; on the one hand, the attitude of the Greek mind towards the superhuman or divine Powers, the complete absence of any Bible or Creed, and the comparative absence (which the few notorious exceptions really make more striking) of any persecution of free thought; on the other hand, the ideal politics of Athens, as shown in the Periclean conception of the free State and the free citizen. This was formally opposed to the rigid State discipline of Sparta; but it also was a conception wholly different from the Roman civic doctrine as set forth by Plutarch, "that they should stand in fear to be reprov'd and inquired of by the magistrates, and that it was not good to give every one liberty to do what they would, following his own lust and fancy." The Greek genius denied, expressly or implicitly, the obligation to practise restraint and self-suppression. For restraint it substituted balance; for self-suppression, self-realization.

Then there is the note of directness; the instinct towards getting face to face with facts, which kept the Greek mind on the whole free from mysticism, romanticism, and sentimentality. This note pervades the whole of Greek

life and letters; in literature it is specially notable in their attitude towards nature and the affections. It marks, partly, a boundedness which we may incline to think insensitive until we realize the intense sensitiveness which accompanied it within its limits, partly an absence of extravagance (the Periclean *Euteleia* carried through the whole of life), and a simple and healthy acceptance of common things, Wordsworth without Wordsworthianism. In close connection with this is the note of humanism, which makes man, man as he is, the "centre and measure" of all things; which lays perpetual stress on bodily and intellectual excellence; which made Athens in her great days, and centuries before she dwindled away into a mere University town, something like an ideal University for all her citizens. This Greek humanism is well illustrated from the Greek definition of happiness, as given in different terms and through widely different minds, yet surprisingly consistent in its upshot, by Solon, Pindar, and Aristotle. From this point of view Xenophon, the intelligent man of action, not Plato, the unpractical mystic, is the Greek type; is even, in some sense, the Greek ideal.

Lastly, and somewhat oddly reckoned as one until we realize that the two things are really one thing seen from different points of view, comes the note of sanity and manysidedness. For sanity means harmonious functioning of the whole nature; it implies adaptability, capacity of responding to, of meeting adequately, any call made on the organism by its complex and ever-shifting environment. It is akin to diffusion more than to concentration; at its best a high—possibly the highest—ideal, it always tends in practice to degenerate, to become weakness, and from weakness to lapse into vice or futility. In the decadence it produced the *Graeculus* of the Roman satirist.

Even in the great period it shows us its effects in the squalid tragedies which ended the career of a Themistocles or an Alcibiades; it led the Greek genius to create not only the great trinity of truth, beauty, and freedom, but, as the shadow of these, vulgarity. Yet this may be claimed for it, that it helped to keep the Greek spirit in touch with reality and postponed, if it did not prevent, the divorce of life from its principles, of thought from action. In the authentic Greek life there was no such thing as art for art's sake; nor, indeed, until the transforming cosmopolitan movement began to affect it, as intellect for intellect's sake. The presence of this last element in Euripides is what makes him what he was, the symbol of the breakdown, soon followed by the extinction, of the specific Greek genius.

It will be seen that Mr. Livingstone's book is a spirited and thoughtful attempt at evaluating that genius, and one which fully attains its object of stimulating thought and attracting attention to its subject. Such discussions, however, tend to become abstract; and he has done well in adding two chapters in which he applies his generalizations to concrete instances. The validity of his conclusions may largely be tested by these chapters; one on Pindar and Herodotus as two authors in whom, with great differences, he finds types of Greek humanism; the other on Plato as the great exception, as something essentially un-Hellenic, with his "gospel of another world." Perhaps it is with regard to Pindar that the defects of his method, the gaps which it leaves, are most evident: but the truth about Pindar is that he is essentially illusive, and in some ways, like Thebes itself, hardly Hellenic. Mr. Livingstone is fully conscious that to the problem of the Greek genius there is no master-key, no complete solution. Here we may quote the final words of

the chapter significantly headed "Some Exceptions"—it is a wise and a necessary caution—"Yet while we insist on the pre-eminence of these qualities, let us not forget that Greece shows also the first beginnings of their opposites. Hers is the very chest of Pandora. Authoritarianism, mysticism, other worldliness, romanticism, are lying ready for us at its bottom." Perhaps too, an error in his view of Greece is the stress laid by him on the note of beauty. This is markedly overstated; or, at all events (as indeed he himself points out), the Greek sense of the word "beauty" was so different from ours that confusion arises if we pass from one to the other as convertible terms.

If we are to name one word as summing up the Greek genius, it would be the word of intelligence. This is already attained in Homer. It is equally marked in two authors so different in scope and calibre as Herodotus and Thucydides. It is the lesson—if such a word as lesson may be used in this connection—of Sophocles. Curiously enough, Mr. Livingstone almost leaves Sophocles out of account, but for one pregnant sentence in a passage where he is seeking for the exhibition of the Greek spirit in some typical Greek. "Sophocles," he says, "perhaps comes nearer to what we want, but his personality is hidden under his art." Yes, and this is just what makes him so Greek. The "personality," the "genius" of Greece is hidden under its art; and that is why we have always to be re-testing our impressions, and why the search after the "genius" is endless. But here, as elsewhere, it is the search that counts, not the capture. Even after Athens, the dominant note of intelligence remains: it finds its consummation in Aristotle. *Theoria*, clear-eyed vision, was what the Greek spirit applied to life. From Homer through Herodotus and Thucy-

rides to Aristotle the word passes through all its immense range of meaning; the vision of a drama, of a pageant, of a struggle, of a universe. This Greek sense of vision was lost only with the decay and absorption of Greece; and it reappeared once more, strangely and for the last time, in the ghostly renaissance of Neo-Platonism.

Two words of caution may be added for those who will take the modern interpreters of Greek as guides. One is the danger of neglecting Latin. It is a mistake as great as that of studying Latin and ignoring the Middle Ages. For Greece reached us through Rome, and Latin is the way back to her. The modern spirit is impatient of delay and eager for short-cuts. But short-cuts are apt to turn into short-circuits; and he who "in at the window creeps or o'er the tiles" may indeed find himself, somehow or other, within the house, but will hardly be a welcome or an appreciative visitor. In the volume before us the one really unsatisfactory passage is the two pages (99—101) on the Latin poets. It is unappreciative and conventional. But failure to appreciate Latin poetry means a certain defect in appreciation of that Græco-Latin civilization to whose supreme products the world has, rightly and irreversibly, given the name of the classics. The other caution to be suggested is against the danger of facile modernization. To translate the spirit of Greece into modern language is, indeed, not only right but necessary, if that spirit is to be for us something real, actual and vital. But it is a

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task which requires infinite tact and skill and, beyond these, the wisdom which only comes (if it does come) of long experience and the practice not only of reading but of living. Especially is this so where the grasp of modern life and letters is imperfect (as when we are told that in a history of the English genius we should say little of Keats, but much of Borrow), and where the grasp of Greek literature itself leaves something to be desired, as when we are told that "we shall not learn mercy and righteousness from Achilles or Odysseus." The temptation to make things easy, or to make things attractive, by modern analogies is subtle, but it has to be resisted, or at least to be carefully guarded. In this volume we have noted about a dozen references to Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Their relevance may be maintained; but when this sort of thing is done too much it insensibly produces the impression that these authors are somehow or other equivalent to, or substitutes for, the Greek classics. This is a more insidious danger than the danger (though that is a serious one also) of forcing an antithesis between Greek and modern life.

These cautions are not meant in disparagement; nor do they in fact seriously detract from the value of the work being done, in books like the one before us, towards the revival of Greek. Yet even that phrase must be taken with a caution of its own; for in truth it is not Greek that needs reviving, or that is being revived; it is ourselves.

EFFICIENCY IN ELFLAND.

A popular edition of "The Land of Heart's Desire"¹ suggests rather some reflections on Mr. Yeats and popularity, than any reconsideration of so famous and finally assured a poem. As every one who loves fine verse knows by heart, it describes a girl lured away from home, human love and religion, by a thirst for unearthly beauty symbolized by fairyland. The fresher interest really is in the reprint rather than the book. For if this cheap version happened to miss a large sale, the critics would certainly say it showed, once again, that the public does not like literature. The critics would be wrong. Mr. Yeats's poetry is not only good, but obviously good. It is his point of view that might be dubious or disappointing. Any one could enjoy the fable; but any one may doubt the moral. The strange inversions of the modern thinker, who has holes in his head instead of bumps on it, have no stranger example than the trick of talking about subjects being "uncontroversial," about "unsectarian teaching" or "non-contentious measures": as if these adjectives were intrinsic qualities in the thing itself, instead of in its reception: as if there could be such a thing as an "unhissable" play or an "unslateable" book. A boy could see, one would suppose, that whether certain teaching is unsectarian or not depends on what sects there are; and whether a Government Bill is non-contentious or not depends on whether any one has the sense to contend with it. Now somewhat akin to this confusion is a mistake sometimes made about great artists: and this may have been the perverted truth in the Art for Art's Sake position. There is one situation in which we do treat an artist too much as a moralist and partisan. It is

when some attitude of his, though starting to us is quite natural to him, because natural to another society than ours; and though natural to him, is not perhaps specially important to him. So Protestants might think some fiddler superstitious, when he was only a careless Italian bred a Catholic. Or Quakers might think a cook a swash-buckler, because being a Frenchman he had once been a soldier. So at times a writer's attitude is not controversial in him, but becomes controversial through our attitude. Whenever anything like this happens, the result is always an entire perversion of the man's real personality. For example: Mid-Victorian England had an insular political dogma that the only safe statesmanship was to prevent the State doing anything. So when Matthew Arnold, well read in French and German and free from this prejudice, talked about State dictionaries and standards, the English got one idea stuck in their heads and couldn't get it out again: *he wanted to found a French Academy in England*. He didn't want to found an academy; he didn't want to found anything. The real fault of his mind, the real failure of his intervention, lay exactly in the fact that he would not become creative; that he thought man could remain critical for infinity. He, and not the poet he said it of, was the ineffectual angel. But because he ignored the Manchester taboo, and talked of the State as they all do on the Continent, as normally connected with education and public art—the English insisted that poor Arnold had his trunks stuffed with plans for the Academy buildings.

The case of Mr. Yeats is more subtle; but in one way his case is the same. His figure is seen a little crooked, his true temperament is not felt; because he was first prominently associated

¹ "The Land of Heart's Desire." By W. B. Yeats. T. Fisher Unwin, 1s. edition.

with a thing which was not peculiar to him; but the denial of which *is* peculiar to us. And when I say "us" here I do not mean merely the English; but I do mean a certain industrial and rationalistic world, of which the English were probably the pioneers, though the Eastern Americans, the Lowland Scotch or some of the Germans may even have marched further along that miry road. As the first broad impression about Arnold was that he was lurking about trying to build an academy, so the first broad impression about Mr. Yeats was that a young gentleman said he had seen the fairies. Now fairies stand to reason. That remark, made by a humbler Irishman, is better than the best books in the Celtic movement: but it would not be impugned by Mr. Yeats himself. His friends, his family, his fellow countrymen have talked to him of the fairies, and he would no more claim to have introduced fairies than to have introduced potatoes to Ireland—like a new Sir Walter Raleigh. And this Irish assumption would be the assumption of most of mankind, civilized as much as savage. Take ten men at random from an old Greek city, ten from a Japanese village, ten from a mediæval manor, ten from a Russian commune, ten from an Indian bazaar, ten from a Roman camp, and in all you will find many, probably most, who will answer you, perhaps in short idiomatic terms like the Irishman, but in terms that logically amount to something like this. "It is not only intermittently proved, but it is intellectually probable, that there are spirits other than man whose mode of materialization is different: tradition is on its side and also *à priori* truth. We don't know anything about them, and generally we don't want to. But fairies stand to reason." The Irish were not the only men who saw the fairies: it would be truer to say that the English were the only men who refused to see them. But the ra-

tionalists of the capitalist age made the Cosmos, not merely a clock, but a clock whose works could be seen; they took it to pieces now and then and cleansed it of fairies, as they might of flies. This, combined with the fact that Mr. Yeats was a spirited Nationalist of the most misgoverned state in Europe, made up a portrait of the unworldly mystic: he was gentle, emotional, credulous, vague, a home of lost causes, a worshipper of the weak—a Breton.

The portrait is nearly the reverse of the original—like a photographic negative. He is not gentle: it is hardly gentle to compare your own disciples to the fleas on a dog. He is not credulous; he is a sceptic breaking outward to the edges of things, not a pilgrim striving for the centre of them. He is not even emotional in the English sense; there is more of Parnell than "Paddy" about him. He is not specially a friend of the weak: on the contrary, but for a certain courage and patriotism, he might have sunk to be a Superman. This is what has somewhat chilled his charm and power for his own country; you must be strong enough to be weak in real persecutions. His poetry is always beautiful: but this is only a further proof. I heard him say: "I have always liked Efficiency"; and people laughed, looking at his romantic cloak or hair. But he was right: he knew himself very well. He will have nothing badly done: a poem shall be a poem; he will not let it get prosy in parts, like the more genial Byrons and Brownings. Hence his work has a coldness of accomplishment, such as clings to marble; for "efficiency" is not really worth doing. His highest emotion is a sort of disdain; what Mr. Robert Lynd, in a really fine eulogy, probably meant by "the gesture of magnificence." He has often described old wars between priests and minstrels, of course from the minstrel's

side. But I think he would admit (for his love of ideas is sincere) that the minstrels would not have been the more democratic or humane, but somewhat like Bertrand de Born, who hated peasants: that in some hour of kingly wrath or feudal revenge, it may well have been the priests who plied and the poets who scorned.

He does know the fairies; but the fairies only stand to reason—to cold, proud, pagan reason. They do not stand any-

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how to the conscience, the affections, the inside of life. That is why this play is a tragedy; not for those forsaken at home, but for her who escapes to fairyland. She too by this time is "tired of winds and waters and pale lights": of the infinite beauty of the intellect. There is only one thing wanting, one little flaw in the Land of Heart's Desire. The heart does not desire it.

G. K. Chesterton.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Houghton Mifflin Company publish, in a small volume, a study of "Nietzsche" by Paul Elmer More, editor of *The Nation*. It is of modest proportions,—scarcely longer than a magazine essay—but its keen and discriminating criticism, and its singular force and lucidity of style make it one of the most valuable of the numerous interpretations of the gloomiest of pessimistic philosophers.

Lovers of dogs can scarcely fail to enjoy the story of "Seegar and Cigaret," graphically told by Jack Hines in the patois of the plains, and published by George H. Doran Company with three spirited illustrations by Phillip R. Goodwin. It is a story of two wolf-dogs on the Alaskan trail, and the way they stood by each other and cared for each other in peril and suffering. It is a latter-day "Rab and his Friends,"—with a difference.

"Flower of the North," by James Oliver Curwood, is a man's book, full of big adventure, improbabilities that seem perfectly real and all the accompaniments of life in the far northern woods. Big questions of capital and development of lake fishery in Canadian woods are combined with a thread

of romance and a conspiracy fairly mediæval in its ingenuity and malevolence. The story is a bit slow in getting under way but the later speed and suspense amply make up for the delays. The style is clear and terse and not at all beautiful, but it tells a good tale and that in the summertime is everything. Harper & Brothers.

Five novelettes of a nature quite unique form a book by Thomas A. Janvier called "From the South of France." For English stories they are as French as seems to be possible. They range from airy trifling to the broadest farce, all in the most amazingly idiomatic English. The idiom, however, is French, and the effect is delightful. The heroines are mostly middle-aged widows of Marseilles, mistresses of finesse and vituperation. The heroes have polish and a neat wit. Above all the author is a clever workman and enjoys his own little game, enough in one case, deliberately to caricature the one story in the book that has really serious moments. The illustrations are more diverse in style than the stories. Harper & Brothers.

Three more volumes have been added to the Tudor Shakespeare, of which

Professor William Allan Neilson of Harvard, and Professor Ashley Horace Thorndike of Columbia are general editors. They are *Love's Labor's Lost*, edited by Professor James F. Royster of the University of North Carolina; *The Tragedy of Richard the Third*, edited by Professor George B. Churchill of Amherst College; and the *Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, edited by Professor Elizabeth Deering Hanscom of Smith College. The helps to the study of the play, furnished in each volume, include an Introduction, notes, a list of textual variants and a glossary. The plan of entrusting the separate plays to different editors, under one general direction, yields excellent results in the elucidation of the text, and the variety and scope of the comments. The little volumes are pleasing, typographically. The Macmillan Co.

"*The Fiction Factory*" by John Milton Edwards, published by The Editor Company of Ridgewood, N. J., narrates the experiences, the disappointments and successes, of a writer who, for twenty-two years, has, as he describes it, "kept a story-mill grinding successfully." There is, of course, no John Milton Edwards: the name is assumed for convenience and as a disguise. But the experiences seem to be genuine, and they are given with abundant detail, including a statement of the sources and amounts of the pecuniary returns. The narrative is diverting and throws light on the processes by which an immense amount of modern fiction is turned out with the regularity and precision of any factory product. Amateur writers, who are seeking a market for their wares, may find the author's "confessions," if they may be so described, suggestive and helpful.

Some of the popular Anne Shirley's friends and neighbors appear in "*The*

Chronicles of Avonlea" by L. M. Montgomery. Anne herself, although not a central figure in any of the stories, is a familiar presence in many of them. The peculiar freshness and charm of Avonlea, and its vicinity, which readers of the author's former books have always appreciated, is characteristic of these *Chronicles* in a marked degree. There is also here an added strength of conception and greater firmness of touch. Many of the incidents are touchingly pathetic, others are humorous, and still others grimly realistic. Several of the stories suggest the work of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, but they have a distinct individuality, and a tone all their own. The book as a whole is more mature than its predecessors, and is not lacking in any of the qualities which have caused the others to be so widely read and enjoyed. L. C. Page & Co.

Maurice Leblanc in his latest work has turned from the field of detective stories, and has given us a novel in the manner of the realistic French school, entitled, "*The Frontier*." The entire story centers about a single incident, wherein a young man, who is an ardent follower of the peace movement and hater of war, is led to forget his ideals for a few hours, and is the means of starting war between France and Germany. All the action takes place in a little village in France on the frontier, and a neighboring country seat. The situations are highly dramatic and vivid. The way in which Philippe Morestal's convictions were found to yield to the pressure of the moment, and the reaction of his convictions upon other people, constitute the tragedy. The atmosphere of impending trouble and the significance of seemingly small events prepare the reader for the catastrophe. The narrative is rapid and the feeling intense. Geo. H. Doran Company.